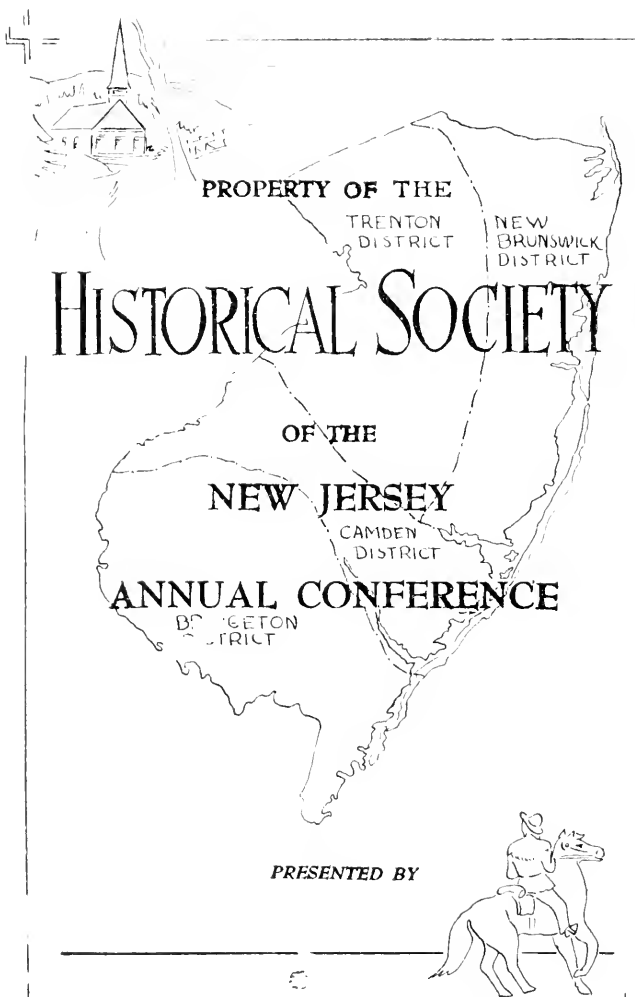
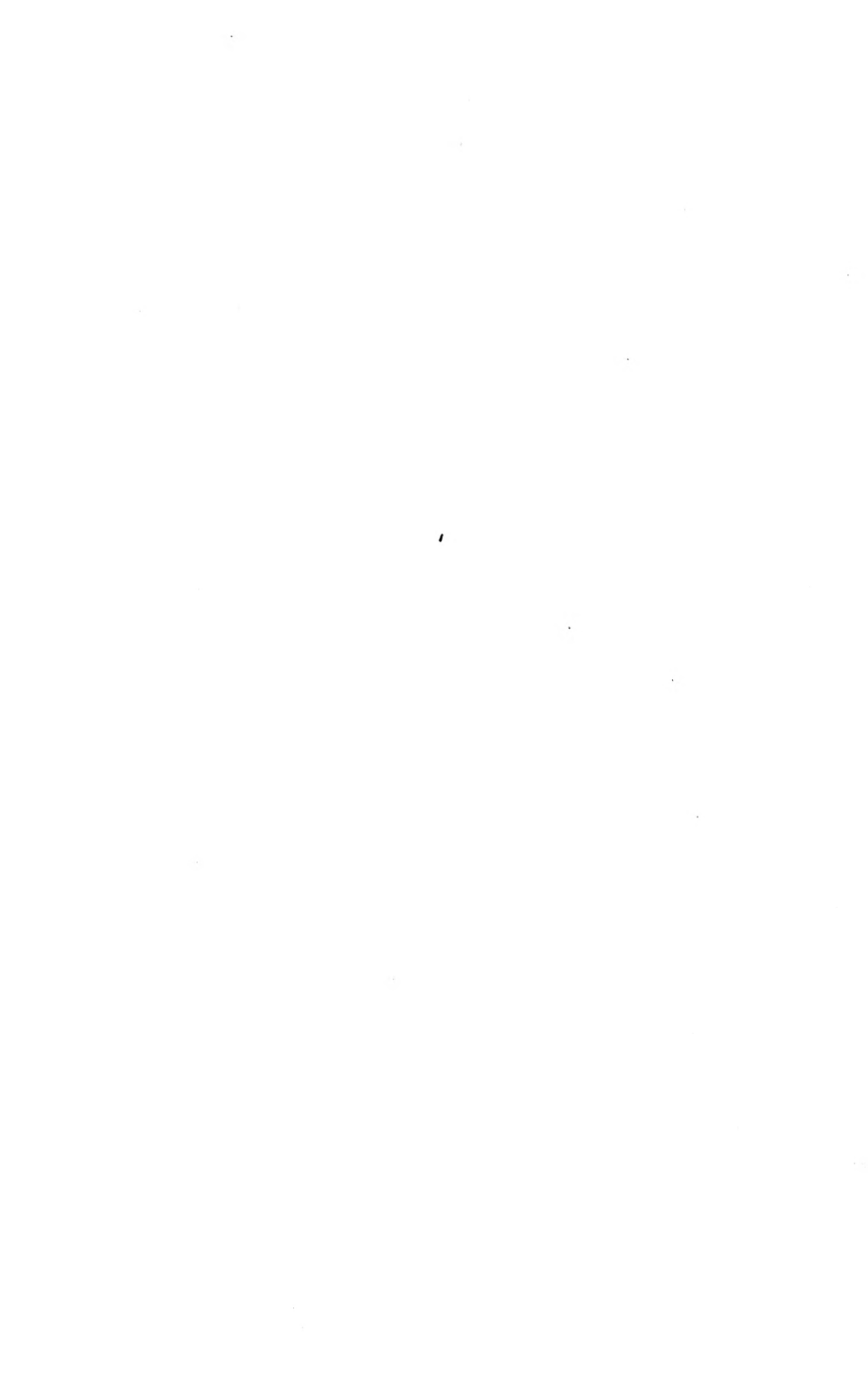


In Memoriam

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REV. GEORGE D. BAKER, D.D.











REV. GEORGE D. BAKER, D.D.



MRS. GEORGE D. BAKER







FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
WASHINGTON SQUARE  
PHILADELPHIA  
FOUNDED 1698





ALBERT BARNES MEMORIAL  
OF THE  
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
WASHINGTON SQUARE,  
PHILADELPHIA  
ERECTED 1896



# In Memory

OF

The Rev. George D. Baker, D. D.

FOR NINETEEN YEARS, PASTOR OF

The First Presbyterian Church

WASHINGTON SQUARE

Philadelphia

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“ENTERED INTO REST”

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH, 1903

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The Funeral Service of the late Rev. George  
D. Baker, D. D., took place in the First  
Presbyterian Church, Washington Square,  
Monday afternoon, December 21st, 1903,  
at 2.30 o'clock.        -        -        -        -        -

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As the funeral procession advanced up the aisle, the Rev. Francis L. Patton, D. D., LL. D., read Scripture selections as follows :

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them who are asleep, that ye sorrow not, as those who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

“For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

“For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead who are in Christ shall rise first;

“Then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

“Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

“For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be destroyed we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

“Blessed be God even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled,

and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

“They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

The Rev. Benjamin L. Agnew, D. D., announced the 409th Hymn.

For all the saints who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship Divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!



SCRIPTURE READING BY  
REV. JAMES M. CROWELL, D. D.

"For we are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

"Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

"For I know that Thou wilt bring me to death and to the house appointed for all living.

"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

"In My father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

"But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming.

"Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when He shall have put down all rule and all authority and power.

"For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

"But some will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

"But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed His own body.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

"It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power:

"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

"Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

"Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be

brought to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

"The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

"But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better:

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are at rest.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;

"And there shall be no night there; for they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

PRAYER OFFERED BY

REV. J. SPARHAWK JONES, D. D.

Almighty and ever-living God,

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

Thou prevailest for ever against him; Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away.

Our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and we are removed like a shepherd's tent.

We spend our years as a tale that is told; but Thou art the same.

Thy throne is of old: Thou art from everlasting; the things dark to us have no darkness for Thee; for Thou art life and light, and in Thy light shall we see light.

We pray Thee, O God, give us the power of faith, that even here shall lift us above the burden and sorrow of life and

shall supply a solution for all that is unintelligible. Take away, we beseech Thee, all fear, anxiety, apprehension, despondency: and as our years multiply, may we look upon ourselves as exiles embarking for home, as prisoners who strike off their fetters and go forth into the day. Teach us that Thou art our Father, more gracious, good and gentle than earthly parents can be; and that nothing happens to us that ought not to happen, but that Thy holy will lies at the root of all things. May we ever hear in the silence and darkness of our lives the voice of Christ saying, It is I: be of good cheer, be not afraid. Teach us, we beseech Thee, that we are strangers and pilgrims upon the earth: and help us to learn wisdom from the aspects of nature, from the admonitions of Thy providence and from the oracles of Thy word. Make us mindful how short our time is: and so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

We pray Thee, O God, that in the battle of life we may all be found faithful; so that at the last we shall come to coronation and victory. We thank Thee, Almighty Father, for all whom Thou hast raised up and given to be workers for their fellowmen, for all who have wrought righteousness, for all who have been valiant for the truth in the earth. We thank Thee for every lover of his kind; for every reformer of that which is evil; for prophets, apostles, seers, saints, for all who have served their own generation according to Thy will.

Thou hast given to the world mighty men of valor, men great in intellect and great in action, by whom from age to age, Thy purposes have been subserved and Thy kingdom advanced.

We bless Thy holy name for all such as have had this testimony, before their translation, that they pleased God and whose works follow them.

Especially at this time do we recall the memories of fidelity, sacrifices and service which abide for our emulation

and encouragement and for this noble and consecrated life that has been lived among us. We desire, our Father, to commemorate with gratitude all that Thy servant was enabled to do and to be by Divine grace. We remember the sweetness of his nature, his simplicity and sincerity, his gentleness, geniality, courtesy, consideration; his love for his brethren and his love for humanity; his integrity, directness and courage; his unflinching loyalty to the truth as he saw it; his generosity toward those who differed from him. We recall, our Father, his helpfulness and sympathy toward those things that have a savor of salvation in them, and all that he did for this particular congregation and in this place in the interest of the Kingdom of God. We thank Thee for the example of his endurance in pain and affliction, his meek surrender to Thy holy will; and his unfaltering faith that all things work together for good to them that love God.

For whatever Thy servant was enlightened and guided to do to make the world better and happier and to set it forward, we bless Thy holy name; and we pray Thee now that this church may be stronger, richer and more effective by reason of Thy dealings with it. Ordain all its experiences in time to come; and grant that the influence and spirit of him who is gone may long linger here as an inspiration to the higher life and to greater fruitfulness in good works.

May this church, we pray Thee, in the future as in the past, be a watch-tower, a burning lamp, a voice in the wilderness of this great and guilty city, calling men to repentance and righteousness, to God and to heaven. Bless, we beseech Thee, and apply to all his brethren in the Christian ministry the lesson of this solemn event. May we be ever mindful of the day when we, too, shall hear a voice, "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward." Make us faithful over a few things, that in the end we may be made rulers over many. Give us more unction and earnestness, more spirit-

ual power, from this day forward, we beseech Thee, and a deeper consecration to those thoughts and plans which lay in the sacred heart of Jesus Christ.

Above all, we bless Thy name for his personality, promises, cross and empty tomb who is the image of the invisible God, and for his gospel of resurrection and immortality. In our days of doubt and of weakness, may we ever hear his voice saying: "I am the way of life; because I live, ye shall live also." Look, in infinite mercy, upon those who are carrying burdens, whose eyes are wet with tears, and who wait patiently for Thee as they who watch for the morning. Comfort all that mourn, and out of the storms of Time, bring us when our days are fulfilled to Thine own peace and contentment and to the joy of the heavenly world. And hasten the coming of Thy Christ, and the days of the seventh angel when he shall sound, and the mystery of God shall be finished, and great voices shall be heard in heaven, saying the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ; in whose name we offer our petitions. Amen.

ADDRESS BY

REV. FRANCIS L. PATTON, D. D., LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

My friends, we sit to-day under the shadow of a great sorrow. It may be doubted whether in the life of this historic church there was ever gathered within these walls a congregation so bowed and broken by a common grief. It is not as if our departed friend had but just come among you, and as if his ministry had not yet passed beyond the stage of experiment and hope. He had gone in and out among you through a score of years; he had achieved an unusual success; and he was intrenched in your confidence and affection. It is not as if he had survived the period of his active usefulness and had come

to his end in the fulness of years as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. He was in the meridian of his strength. His sun was still shining in its strength when it passed under the dark eclipse of death. Men and women to-day, in the congregation and out of it, mourn the loss of a friend whose kindly words had so often proved helpful to them. His brethren in the ministry feel that they miss the companionship of one who had been their colaborer in a common work. This city has lost one of its public-spirited citizens; and there is in his death a distinct and perceptible abatement of those moral forces which make for all that is best in our civic life.

The denomination to which he was attached and which he served, feels throughout this broad land that it has lost one of her wisest and most faithful servants. The Church of Christ at large throughout the land has lost a faithful, efficient minister.

I have no doubt that Dr. Baker had a special love for the church of his choice and his training; but he was too broad-minded a man ever to suppose that the boundary lines of any communion could be taken as delimiting the Church of God. I have no doubt that in that spirit of impartial judgment which was so characteristic of him he recognized that there were excellencies in other communions which he did not find, or did not find in equal degree, in his own church; and if in that very proper feeling of preference for his own communion he realized that she was characterized by excellencies distinctively her own, I feel sure that the modesty of his Churchmanship would have prevented him from making bigoted and disagreeable avowals of them.

But by the providence of God his lot was cast in the Presbyterian Church. He approved of her polity; he believed in her doctrines; he was interested in her progress. He entered with enthusiasm into all the work assigned to him in connection with the church to which he gave his allegiance. He was interested in the education of ministers; and his interest was

enhanced by the peculiar relations he sustained to the educational institutions of his denomination. He was the President of the Presbyterian Board of Education. He was also the President of the Board of Directors of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He entered into the discharge of these duties heartily; there was nothing perfunctory about anything that he did; he was wise in counsel; he was calm in judgment; he could see both sides of a question; he looked at the *pros* and the *cons*. We knew that nothing precipitate would be done, and that any matter would be wisely handled, if he were on the committee having it in charge. Those of us who were brought into relations with him in connection with these public duties soon came to know what sort of a man he was. There was nothing salient or outstanding that could be taken as the note of genius or the mark of greatness; and yet it was just as evident that he was no ordinary man. He was a cultivated Christian gentleman. You might be sure that he would always do and say the right thing. You never had to make some shining intellectual quality in his case serve as an offset to some lapse of taste or lack of judgment.

He was a man of general literary culture, and a well-instructed theologian, without claiming for himself any marked place in either letters or theology. He was a patient, assiduous, faithful student of the Scriptures, but always for practical ends and not for scientific research. He studied his Bible in order that he might feed his people and not that he might make contributions to the sum total of human knowledge. Those of us who were privileged to know him soon knew that he had in him those attributes which go to the making of a friend.

You know there are some people whom we admire but can never love; they always invest themselves with an atmosphere, so that you see them indistinctly and as through a mist. They always seem to be on the watch lest you should cross the line of prohibited proximity. There are men who are companionable



enough, but somehow you do not always trust them; Yoricks, who set the table in a roar—wits who do not mind it if the biting word goes deep into the reputation of an absent friend. Self-poised, self-centered men there are who take, but never give; who receive your praise, and are greedy of it, but have no word of appreciation in return. And there are cautious men, who listen while you talk and say but little; who receive your remarks in silence, or turn them in a direction which they were not meant to have; and who in all they say, even in their blindest moods and when most voluble in speech, show plainly that they do not trust you. They have not learned the art of unbending in the full, trustful confidence of friendship. They have not learned that friendship feeds on reciprocity of feeling.

Not so with Dr. Baker—courteous, genial, affable, companionable, considerate—he was the sort of man you wanted to have as a friend; you felt you could trust him; you were moved to go to him when you wanted sympathy or advice. And then he was more than this: he was a good man. I mean by that he was a man of distinctly vital piety. He was pious without being pietistic; he was serious without being solemn; he was religious without being sanctimonious; he fed his spiritual life every day by fellowship with God and communion with His word, and not from a storage-battery of religious emotionalism that needed periodical reinforcement. His religion was of the old-fashioned objective kind, and did not consist of those pathological subjectivities which so often are mistaken for spirituality. And this union of attributes it was that made him so successful in the work that was given him to do. For the specific work that was given him to do. For the specific work to which he gave himself was work within the bounds of this congregation. This congregation, I doubt not, was gratified to know that as a man he ranked among the best; that among the men of light and leading in his denomination he held conspicuous place; but they also knew that he gave himself, and the best of him—

self, to them. He did not feel that he had time for any other occupation than that of building up this church; he did not give his best efforts to the reviews and magazines and keep what was left for his pulpit. He did not expend his best eloquence on the lecture platform, or in the church courts, and then come before his congregation with such religious commonplaces as might emerge along the lines of least resistance.

His preaching was the product of two things: of close, intimate knowledge of the individuals composing his congregation and of faithful, prayerful preparation in the study; and this, my friends, is his monument. He has succeeded in building up a down-town church; he has succeeded in gathering here Sunday night after Sunday night a congregation filling this church to its utmost capacity, and eager to hear the word of God from his lips. His preaching was of a simple, Scriptural kind. He did not know the modern gospel of moral reform as a substitute for atoning blood. He had not learned the art of putting a fringe of religious feeling around an essay on a secular theme. He did not bring his congregation together under false pretences through sensational advertising. He did not claim breadth of philosophic knowledge; nor did he preach with reference to underlying basic philosophic conceptions when he dealt with the ordinary gospel themes. He was no popularizer of theology. He lacked the charm of literary expression which has given some men their place and fame; but in simple, dignified, faultless English from week to week he preached the simple story of Jesus and His love. Not great, you say; but Oh! my friends, how good, and how the greatness of goodness finds conspicuous illustration in his life and work.

What is greatness as the world counts greatness beside a life like this? What, my friends, your tricks of style, your breadth of vision, your power of concatenated statement, your laborious acquaintance with what other men have said and done compared with a life of loving service—a life that looks for and

finds its only reward in the grateful love of men who have been helped by the message; a life devoted to the unselfish mission of planting the rose of Sharon in a wilderness of sin?

My dear friends (and I speak more particularly to the members of this congregation), I sympathize with you most sincerely in this great sorrow; I share with you a sense of personal loss in Dr. Baker's death; and it is a sorrowful privilege you have accorded me in permitting me to say these simple words over his bier. There is much more that I might have said; but if I had said all that it were in my heart to say you would still say: "It is true; and more—much more—than that is also true." But, my brethren, be of good cheer; for him to depart is to be with Christ, which is far better. He has left you who were his flock, and us who were his brethren in the ministry, the legacy of a sweet memory, of a pure, earnest, devoted life. Let us labor to follow him as he followed Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labors are not in vain in the Lord.

ADDRESS BY

THE RT. REV. O. W. WHITAKER, D. D., LL. D.,  
BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

I should be sorry to speak if any words of mine were to have the effect of deflecting in the slightest degree the course of thought which the words to which we have just listened have certainly set in operation in all our minds. I would rather go away with the impression that those words have made, without saying anything; but I esteem it a privilege to bear my testimony here to the worth and nobility of the character of our dear departed brother, and to have this opportunity of saying that I knew him well; that I esteemed him not only as an upright man, as a devoted and faithful minister of the gospel of

Christ; as a public-spirited citizen whom it were well for this city if there were a multitude to follow; but I am thinking of him especially as a friend—a personal friend, by whose death I have sustained a great loss; and my only rejoicing in that is that, it is his everlasting gain.

I have thought much, since he died, of an expression which he used to me, some time ago when we met in the street not far from this church after I had returned from a somewhat extended visit to the Pacific coast, where so many years of my life had been passed; and after his cordial greeting to me he said: "And what was there in your visit which impressed you most and which will live longest in your memory?" I said: "It is very easy to answer that question: it was the joy of meeting many men and women, and their children, whom I had known in the exercise of my ministry there years ago, but from whom I had been separated for many years, and meeting just as we parted, with no need of becoming acquainted again, but that heart to heart just as we separated seventeen years ago, we met and rejoiced and thanked God for the past and looked hopefully onward to the future." He grasped my hand, and he said: "My dear brother, that is just the way it will be with us when we enter into the life to come." He has entered into that life to come; and I rejoice to think of the greeting, that is accorded to him there.

I like to think of Dr. Baker not only as my friend, with whom there existed the most cordial relationship. For him I entertained the highest respect; I had as perfect confidence in him as I ever cherished in any man. I love to think of him as a manly man—a man who had clear views and who held them firmly; but who recognized the right of other men to hold other views and to hold them as firmly as he held his own, but who could be in cordial friendship and affection with men between whom and himself there were substantial differences.

I rejoice to think of him as a man who was always loyal

to the truth which he held, and was always loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ. A man who esteemed it his highest privilege and his highest honor to be a witness to the Lord Jesus Christ; a man who was a man in the sense in which we shall understand manhood if we see it and study its perfect illustration in the person of Jesus Christ. A man who cherished the largest sympathy with his fellowmen; a man whose heart went out in loving sympathy towards those who needed it most.

To borrow an illustration from a well-known analysis of what constitutes true manliness, his character exhibited its crowning virtue in that it was a manliness which rested on and was determined by—not the qualities which the man possessed in himself, but by his absolute surrender to the will of God; recognizing that God had made him a man and given him his work to do in the world and he was to do that work in accordance with God's will concerning him.

I like to think of him as an example of manliness and I like to think of him as an example of citizenship. He loved righteousness, he hated iniquity; it was his constant effort during the last years of his life to promote righteousness and to eradicate iniquity; yet he was no iconoclast going about to pull down without reference to how he might build up again. We need not go far from this church to find illustrations of his method. There are districts which were regenerated by him, and those who were associated with him; not by burning the buildings, not by driving away all the people who were there; but by bringing to bear influences operating as a moral regenerating force, alongside with the work of the builder, and the work of the sanitary agent; until whole neighborhoods became changed through their influence. It was so that he sought to do away with the force of agencies which are operating for the demoralization of the community. And he did this, as he did everything else, with rare judgment and discretion; so that sometimes men whose course of life was leading

them further and further astray were brought back to wisdom and virtue by the sweet persuasiveness of his moral personality.

No better citizen found place in the Commonwealth than he. No man ever more wisely consecrated his efforts to the regeneration of society than he. And if it be possible that one joy may be added to his present rich experience, it will not be chiefly in the knowledge that we are here assembled to-day to express our appreciation of his personal worth and our affection for him and our sorrow for our separation; but it will be in the knowledge that we who are here to-day are stimulated by the memory of his life, to make our lives higher, holier, more consecrated to God and to man.

The following selection was then sung by Mr. Nicholas Douty:

- 1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace. (AMEN.)

PRAYER OFFERED BY

REV. EDWARD B. HODGE, D. D.,

Corresponding Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of  
Education.

O Lord, who hast given Thine only-begotten Son to be our peace; we have come to Thy presence to feel for the feet which

were pierced for our sins. We are in great trouble; but Thou hast promised "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Fulfil now, O Lord, unto us, we beseech Thee, this Thy promise in which Thou has caused us to hope.

We ask now simply that Thou wilt be with us. We sought for Thy presence, Thy healing power, when our brother was sick; and, Lord, if Thou hadst been here our brother had not died; but we know that even now whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee. We desire to acquiesce in what Thou hast said in answer to our petition. Thou hast taken from us him for whose life we made our intercession, and we would not for all the world alter the thing that has gone out of Thy mouth; for what Thou sayest is right, and what Thou doest is best—best for him and best for us. May we patiently wait until that time when what we cannot now know we shall know in Thy presence. We ask, O Lord, that Thou wilt grant unto us what we need in our present distress. Give us an adoring sense of Thy wisdom and of Thy love; put a song upon our lips that we may praise Thee, even in the night; that we may glorify God in the fires. And we ask that Thou wilt purify us by the trials through which we are passing. Fill us with the love of Christ, and with such consciousness of necessary strength for added responsibility and duty that our hearts may know no fear.

Look down from heaven, we beseech Thee, upon us personally; and grant unto each one now bowed before Thee Thy blessing. Speak peace; peace in each heart. Grant Thy blessing to this congregation, O Shepherd of Israel. We know that Thou wast the strength and the power of him whom Thou hast taken from our head to-day; and Thou remainest. Let Thy presence be manifested here from day to day: feed the people

of Thy pasture still. Wilt Thou grant wisdom to the eldership of this church in the present emergency, and help them to bear with wisdom and discretion the burden of their increased responsibility. Make amends for all the losses here sustained; and make this church, not only as strong as in the past, but even stronger than ever before.

O Lord, look down from heaven, we pray Thee, upon the Theological Seminary at Princeton. We thank Thee for its history, and for the men who have presided over its counsels. We thank Thee for all that our departed brother has been in relation to that institution.

We ask that Thou wilt bless the Board of Directors over which he presided; and grant unto them that sanctifying grace which Thou givest in affliction; and may the institution for which he labored and prayed grow and thrive and prosper notwithstanding every trial, and even because of trial, by Thy rich blessing.

We pray for the Board of Education, deprived of its head, to-day; and beseech Thee that Thou wilt give unto them comfort in the day of trouble. Be pleased to grant that the work of training young men for the ministry may from this moment be more prosperously carried forward than ever; and may the young men over whom he watched receive Thy blessing.

We ask that Thou wilt bless this city. Almighty God, we bow our heads in the dust, confessing with shame, as Thou hast taught us to do, not only our personal sins, but the sins of our people and of our rulers. Forgive all that Thou seest amiss in this great aggregation of people, and grant that new power and new agencies and new influences may be brought to bear; that thus, when one falls by the way, we may find that another is raised up to take his place.

We ask for the Bible Society, over which thy servant presided, Thy rich blessing, and pray that notwithstanding the loss of his presence and influence, it may, with renewed diligence,



be carrying the Word of God into homes that must always be dark without it.

And, finally, we pray for his brethren in the ministry.

O Lord God, give us grace to pray this prayer. Thou hast set us to be leaders among Thy people and ministers at Thy altar. Whatever Thou hast seen amiss in our conduct hitherto, whatever neglect, whatever fault, whatever failure, whatever imperfection in example, whatever lack of diligence in study; O God, for Christ's sake, now pardon all; and, as we make our confession before Thee, open heaven over our heads and give us a new anointing.

May the spirit of the Lord God be upon us, that Jehovah Himself may anoint us to preach good tidings unto the meek, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. May Christ and Him crucified be the theme of our preaching and of our thought. And, seeing that the time is short, may we spend and be spent in indefatigable labors for Jesus Christ, to the glory of God, and for the redemption of men.

All these our prayers, intercessions and confessions we humbly lay, in this solemn presence, at Thy feet. We beseech Thee to hear us. We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord. Save Thy people! Save Thy people whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood; and be not angry with us forever. Hear, O Lord, in heaven Thy dwelling-place; and, when Thou hearest, graciously answer and bless through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Agnew announced the 639th Hymn.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But Thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep. (AMEN.)

REV. FRANCIS L. PATTON, D. D., LL. D.

I am asked to say that the interment will be private and at the convenience of the family. After the benediction is pronounced, those who may desire to look upon the face of our beloved friend will have an opportunity of doing so; and they are requested to approach by the aisles on the right of the pulpit, passing and going out of the church by the aisles on the left of the pulpit.

BENEDICTION PRONOUNCED BY

REV. W. M. RICE, D. D.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, the Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be and abide with you all, now and evermore. Amen."

Dr. Baker's remains, immediately following the funeral service were taken to his late residence, 906 Pine street, and Tuesday morning conveyed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

#### HONORARY PALL-BEARERS.

NORRIS W. HARKNESS	REV. H. C. MCCOOK, D. D., LL. D.
GEORGE GRIFFITHS	REV. ALFRED H. KELLOGG, D. D.
RICHARD B. BRINTON	REV. EDWARD ABBOTT, D. D.
GEORGE T. HARRIS	REV. J. ADDISON HENRY, D. D.
ABRAHAM R. PERKINS	REV. J. H. MUNRO, D. D.
WILLIAM McLEAN	REV. W. H. ROBERTS, D. D., LL. D.
PHILIP H. WHITE	REV. EDWARD B. HODGE, D. D.
GEORGE C. PRINCE	REV. SAMUEL T. LOWRIE, D. D.
REV. S. W. DANA, D. D.	REV. N. W. HARKNESS
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D. D.	REV. CHARLES H. BOND
REV. R. ELLIS THOMPSON, D. D.	REV. J. A. MORROW, D. D.



**A Service in Memoriam**

OF THE LATE

**Rev. George D. Baker, D. D.**

HELD IN THE

**First Presbyterian Church,**

**Sabbath Evening, January 10th, 1904, at 8 o'clock.**

**Rev. Benjamin L. Agnew, D. D., Presiding**



THE DOXOLOGY WAS SUNG BY THE CONGREGATION. INVOCATION BY  
REV. DR. AGNEW, FOLLOWED BY THE LORD'S PRAYER,  
AFTER WHICH THE ANTHEM, "BLEST ARE  
THE DEPARTED" COMPOSED BY SPOHR,  
WAS RENDERED BY THE CHOIR  
OF THE CHURCH.

THE SCRIPTURE: TENTH CHAPTER OF JOHN WAS READ BY  
REV. SAMUEL T. LOWRIE, D. D.

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HYMN 422—

The saints of God! Their conflict past,  
And life's long battle won at last,  
No more they need the shield or sword,  
They cast them down before their Lord:  
O happy saints! for ever blest,  
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

The saints of God! Their wanderings done,  
No more their weary course they run,  
No more they faint, no more they fall,  
No foes oppress, no fears appal;  
O happy saints! for ever blest,  
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

O God of saints, to Thee we cry;  
O Saviour, plead for us on high;  
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,  
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;  
That with all saints our rest may be  
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.





PRAYER OFFERED BY

REV. WILLIAM HENRY ROBERTS, D. D., LL. D.

Oh God of Saints! The King immortal and eternal! Earnestly unto Thee we do cry in this hour of mingled sorrow and joy, drawing near to Thee through thy Son and our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, beseeching the help of Thy Holy Spirit, that our prayers may come before Thee in an acceptable manner, and that as a result we may find favor in Thy sight and receive bountifully of all needed blessings.

We thank Thee, O God of all Comfort, for the revelation which Thou hast made unto us through Jesus Christ. We rejoice in the immortality which He has brought to light. We bless Thee that we know with the full assurance of the faith which is in Him, that this brief earthly pilgrimage is not all of life, that after death we have a Father's house in heaven, and that there we shall be with Christ and with all who have believed in Him.

We thank Thee, O God of grace, for the Church which Christ established in the earth, for its glorious history and its gracious influence, for its present power and prosperity, for its ministry and its membership, for the gospel of hope and salvation which Thou hast entrusted to it, and for the light and life which it has brought into this sinful, suffering and burdened world.

We thank Thee for all that has been accomplished during past generations by the Church, and that it stands in this generation, steadfast for the faith which worketh salvation. We rejoice, that we are co-laborers in the present with all earnest believers of the past, and that like them we can be assured of success in Thy work, because while men and women pass away, Thou remainest, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. We rejoice in Thee, Thou Divine, immortal, and unchangeable One as our God, as Thou wert our fathers' God, thanking Thee

for the sustaining power Thou hast ministered unto us, for the strengthening of our spirits by Thy grace, and for the influence for good in the world which Thou hast enabled Thy people to exert.

We lift our voices unto Thee, O God, giver of all good, in especial thanksgiving at this time, for him whose life we are gathered to commemorate. We are bowed with grief at his departure from our midst. Sorrow fills our hearts and tears dim our eyes. But we praise Thee, that we know our loss to be his gain. We are assured that he is with the Lord; that he has realized fully the meaning of those consoling words, absent from the body and present with the Lord. We rejoice in him as one of Thy perfected saints, delivered forever from the pressure of sin and sorrow and suffering. We bless Thee, O God, for his clear faith, the excellency of his character, his imitation in life of the Lord Jesus. We thank Thee for the earnest, simple gospel which he preached, for the unfailing comfort he brought to many discouraged and weary hearts, for the strength he imparted to the weak, and for the consolation he brought to the sorrowing. A true minister of Jesus Christ was he, bestowing upon many souls the cheer, the comfort and the inspiration of that joyous gospel which he so faithfully proclaimed. We thank Thee above all for the souls he won in the name and by the power of Christ. Thine agent was he in translating them from the kingdom of darkness into Thy kingdom of light, love and hope. We praise Thee, also, for the inspiration of his life to all those with whom he came in contact, and in particular in this church and congregation, where the latter years of his ministry were spent. We bless Thee that we know that the reward of his labors of love, found here in part in the lives he blessed, shall follow him throughout all eternity.

We thank Thee, O God, for this church and congregation, to which Thy servant ministered for so long a time. We rejoice in the record of its services to God and man for more than two

centuries. We bless Thee that in the present as in the past, it is a fortress of righteousness, a refuge of souls, a storehouse of influences for human welfare, a vital part of the great household of faith. For the useful and inspiring lives of its ministers, officers and members, in all their generations, for their success in the work of Christ, we offer unto Thee, O God of salvation, our heartfelt tribute of praise. Thy blessing bestowed through all the past alleviates the sorrow of present bereavement, and brightens the future with that hope which shineth as a day star in our hearts.

And now, God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him our God and Father, we beseech Thee bless this church with all needed blessing. May the influence of their beloved pastor abide ever with the officers and members, withholding them from sin, and strengthening them to live the true Christian life. Be with this people in all the experiences which lie before them, enabling them earnestly to carry forward the work of Thy departed servant, and giving them to be in all things a true church of Him who is the Saviour of men.

Abide with each one of us, we pray Thee, in the future as in the past. Comfort us amid all sorrow, and strengthen us for all duty. May we seek to render unto Christ sincere service. May we be anxious to save souls. May the cross of Christ ever be foremost in our thoughts, and may His service be the supreme object of our lives. Grant us, especially Heavenly Father, the inspiration of the things unseen and eternal, and a firm conviction of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. By Him, and unto Him, may we live, and working for Him here, may we one day reign with Him forever and ever.

Hear us in this our prayer, offered in the Name which is above every Name. Amen.



# The Life and Ministry

OF THE

Rev. George Danielson Baker, D. D.

for nineteen years

A. D. 1884 ——— A. D. 1903

The Beloved and Honored Pastor

OF THE

First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia

BY THE

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D., ScD., LL. D.

TO WHICH IS ADDED DR. BAKER'S LAST  
WEDNESDAY EVENING LECTURE, AND  
VARIOUS TESTIMONIALS OF RESPECT.



#### NOTE.

When the Session of the First Church asked me to prepare, with a view to publication, a biographical sermon to be preached at the Memorial Service of their late Pastor, it seemed to me at first impossible to do so in the ten days intervening. The office of love was accepted in the hope that friends would furnish information as to Dr. Baker's earlier life and ministry, as my personal knowledge began with his coming to Philadelphia. That hope was not wholly disappointed; and it is fitting here to acknowledge the help received from those who responded to my requests, either by letter or by personal interview. I am especially indebted to the Rev. Edward Abbott, D. D., of Boston; the Rev. Alfred H. Kellogg, D. D., the Rev. Dr. Edw. B. Hodge, the Rev. Dr. Marcus A. Brownson, and Mr. George Griffiths, of Philadelphia; and Messrs. Frederic and John T. Baker, of New York.





## THE LIFE AND MINISTRY

OF THE

REV. GEORGE DANIELSON BAKER D. D.

*Late Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia.*

The sentiment that calls us here on this errand of grief, love and gratitude, is deeply rooted in human nature. In all ages men have mourned and honored their benefactors. It has a higher source. The creed that our brother accepted marks the Christian virtues as products of the Holy Spirit. He confessed with the Apostle Paul that "by the grace of God I am what I am." If therefore, there be in Dr. Baker's life that which compels our honor, he would be the first to bid us remember that it was the gift of God. If the fruitage of his ministry has been sweet to the sorrowing, the needy, the sin-oppressed and penitent, and if it has left seeds that shall grow and burgeon and fructify in coming years, his voice would aver, could it give utterance, "It is all of Grace, the fruit of the Holy Spirit! Not unto me, but to God be all the glory"! Let us at the outset pay tribute to the piety and modest reserve that went so far to beautify our brother's life, by confessing that while we are honoring him, we are honoring through him the grace of God that furnished him unto all good works.

### I.

#### HIS ANCESTRY.—BIRTH.

Dr. Baker's ministerial career began in the home, back of that perhaps, in a godly ancestry. He came of Puritan New England stock. Our modern times make much of heredity as modifying character and life. But, ages before Darwin or Herbert Spencer or Lamark, Moses declared in the first table of Sinai's law that God transmits paternal ill-doing to the third and fourth generation, and passes on paternal virtues unto thousands of generations of the good. Unconsciously to him-

self and unthought of by you, the spirit and the utterance of his sturdy and pious ancestors often dominated the preacher in this venerated pulpit.

The American founder of the Baker family on the paternal side was Nicholas Baker, born in Scotland in 1611, the year that gave to the world the first issues of the authorized English version of the Bible. In 1628, when eighteen years old, he left Scotland and entered St. John's College in the University of Cambridge, England, then the educational centre of the English Evangelical or Puritan party. John Milton was at that time a resident graduate, and had already begun his career as a poet. Jeremy Taylor, afterward distinguished alike for his fine literary powers and his persecution of Irish Presbyterians, was also a member of the University. Nicholas Baker graduated in 1632, and three years thereafter received the degree of M. A. The same year (1635) he came to America and cast in his lot with the Puritan Colonies.

After two years' residence at Roxbury and Hingham, Mass., he removed to Scituate, and was ordained the third minister of the First Church there. This first American representative of the clergy in the Baker family died August 22nd, 1678, leaving this favorable record: "He was of such good temper as to reconcile the two churches which had been a long time at variance."

Dr. George D. Baker was of the seventh generation in descent from this Puritan Scotchman, through an unbroken line of godly ancestors. His grandfather, Erastus Baker, married Lois, the daughter of the Rev. Josiah Whitney S. T. D., a graduate of Yale, a doctor of Sacred Theology, and a pastor of the Congregational Church, of Brooklyn, Conn., a man greatly honored. His portrait, distinguished for departure from the current standard of beauty, hung above the mantle-piece in

the dining-room of his great-grandson George, and was often the occasion of animated remarks by his guests.\*

Dr. Baker's mother, like his father, was descended on both sides, Bates and Fairbanks, from two of the oldest and best New England families.

In the early half of the last century a tide of emigration flowed across the borders of New England into Northern and Eastern New York. It followed the line of least resistance, as has been the law of all such movements, and first occupied the virgin lands lying nearest. Thence it pushed westward along the same parallel into the upper counties of Pennsylvania, and into the Western or Connecticut Reserve of Ohio; whence in due course, it was distributed throughout the entire Middle and far West. It was a noble, manly and devout race, not without its faults, but with sterling virtues that planted the sections occupied by them with the seeds of order, thrift, intelligence and virtue.

With that migratory stream came Dr. Baker's immediate ancestors. His father, Josiah Whitney Baker, was born at New Hartford, Oneida Co., New York, July 25th, 1803; his mother, Abby Bates, at Thompson, Conn., Nov. 1st, 1803. They were married Feb. 28th, 1828, in Watertown, Oneida Co., New York, by the Rev. George S. Boardman, and had the pleasure of celebrating their golden wedding. Of this union George Danielson Baker, the fifth son, was born in Watertown, New York, Nov. 30th, A. D., 1840. When he was four years old (1844) his parents removed to New York City where his youth

\*The old Puritan must have had a strong vein of humor, if one may judge by an anecdote which Dr. Baker would tell his friends, with manifest pleasure. When the old gentleman lay dying at the age of ninety-four, (1826) a visit of sympathy was paid him by one of his clerical brethren. As the visitor entered, Dr. Whitney, still conscious, after greeting him, said with ceremonious politeness: "You will kindly excuse me, sir, from rising to receive you. The truth is, I no longer belong to *the rising generation!*" These Puritan ancestors of ours were not so grim and destitute of sunny characters as they are popularly reputed to have been, if this may be taken as a sample of their quality.

and early manhood were spent. He was therefore practically a child of the metropolis, to which he was always warmly attached.

His father and mother were God-fearing, God-loving, Church-going people. In New York they united with the Dutch-Reformed Church, on Washington Square, of which the Rev. Dr. M. S. Hutton was pastor. In that Church and Sunday-school, and under the pastoral influence of that sturdy and excellent minister, Dr. Baker's early religious character was formed. His father was for many years a ruling elder of the congregation and superintendent of the Sunday-school. One glance into this man's inner life shows what manner of man he was. He habitually read a chapter in the Bible before he took up his morning newspaper. That record of an active business man's home habits, is almost enough to indicate his character.

His mother was a devoted Christian woman, prominent in works of charity, and in founding two institutions for bettering the condition of the friendless, one of which was remembered in her son's will. It was largely through her influence that Dr. Baker received a college education, as it was her long cherished hope and earnest wish, dating from his childhood, that he should become a minister of the Gospel. Of how many clergymen, of all branches of the Church, may this be said! The fountain-head of a godly ministry is the pious zeal of Christian mothers, who see in the self-denying labors of the ministry the highest crown of honor for their sons. Can it be, that the present dearth of young men willing to devote themselves to preaching the Gospel, is due to a decay, in the mothers of today, of that pious love and zeal that marked the mothers of a former generation? Does the hope of worldly honors and wealth for their sons weigh more with them than spiritual usefulness and the guerdon of those who turn many to righteousness?

## II.

### HIS UNIVERSITY LIFE.—CONVERSION.

Dr. Baker was a graduate of the University of the City of New York, class of 1860. College life is perhaps as safe to the average young man as any other condition. There are special temptations, and they are everywhere. Much depends on one's associates, especially his intimates; more upon the character of the student himself. St. Paul has well observed that if one would escape from the temptations and evils of life he must escape from the body. So it befell that young Baker in student days had to face and deal with influences that have wrecked some and injured many, but perhaps have braced and anchored even more in right principles.

He joined a Greek letter society composed of fellows of good family and fine mettle, but inclined to be gay beyond discretion. For a while he was somewhat carried away with the current. But the home anchorage, inherited grit and balance, and the Good Overhand above all, brought him safely to. He had well passed through his college course before he made an open profession of religion. Then the wave of spiritual influence known as the Great Awakening of Fifty-seven-eight swept over the country. It was God's gracious preparation of the Nation for that awful baptism of blood so soon to follow, and which began with the attack upon Fort Sumter in April, 1861. To Philadelphians that revival was particularly associated with the wonderful services known as the Jayne Hall Meetings, which had something of the spirit and relation of the Grand Depot Meetings conducted by Mr. Moody at the beginning of our Centennial year.

Of this period of Dr. Baker's life, his classmate and life-long friend the Rev. Dr. Edward Abbott, rector of an important Episcopal Church, in Boston, and a man well and widely known, thus writes: "The one man who more than any other

was instrumental in setting our feet in the right path, was a fellow student named Lloyd—Charlie Lloyd, as we always called him. I remember him as a devoted Christian and a Presbyterian, and a man of fervent and unquenchable faith and ardor. To him, I think, we both, Baker and I, owed more for our start towards what God's grace has since enabled us to be and to do, than to any other human agency."

It is fitting that you should have more than a passing mention of one who was such an important factor in leading Dr. Baker into recognized membership of the Church and into the Christian ministry. Charles Lloyd, while a clerk in a New York store, was led to Christ by Mrs. Engles, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Potts. This lady, full of love for souls, and deeply stirred by the prevailing revival, began a personal evangelistic tour of her acquaintances and of the neighborhood. She was a woman of fine presence and imposing manners, and although her pious labors took her to strange places, she was never treated with discourtesy. One day while visiting the store in which Lloyd was a clerk, she kindly pressed upon him the duty of personal piety. The word proved a winged arrow that remained and rankled until healed by the Divine Comforter. After conversion, Lloyd devoted himself to the ministry, and conceived that he was called to be a missionary to the Zulus. Dr. Potts received him into his own house, and forwarded his plans for an education. Lloyd entered the University and there came in contact with Baker. He was aflame with zeal for Christ and the redemption of souls. He was especially an enthusiast for the Zulus. Every road with him led to Zululand. His evangelistic spirit was contagious, and under its power young Baker was not only led to confess Christ, but in the first fever of his love and zeal for the Redeemer, was led to consecrate his life to the Christian ministry. It was the upspringing

of the seed long before planted by his pious mother and watered by her prayers.

After graduation, several of his classmates and friends, who had also determined to be ministers, went to Princeton Theological Seminary, and that determined Baker's choice of that institution, of whose Directors he subsequently became the President, and ultimately of his Church connection with Presbyterians.

Lloyd also went to Princeton. He was a good singer, with a delicious falsetto voice. He loved to sing. He sang for the students; for Dr. Charles Hodge and the professors; for the little negro church in the village. He was the leading voice in a Seminary quartette. Before the days of Ira Sankey he had caught the spirit and power of the modern singing evangelist.

He kept his zeal for the Zulus to the last, and after his Seminary course, went to his chosen field in Africa. No Board or Society would send him, for he was a consumptive. He went under private auspices, with his beautiful young bride, a daughter of Dr. Willard Parker, of New York. He lived only a year, and he died singing. He had caused to be translated into the Zulu vernacular the sweet spiritual songs that, like the Gospel hymns in the Moody-Sankey services, had become popular in the revivals of '58-60. He taught the savages to sing them; and he sang to them as he lay dying upon his basket-couch in the soft open air of Africa. Crowds of Zulus would come before his mission quarters to see and to hear that strange and touching phenomenon—a dying man singing the Gospel to them in their native tongue.\* It is not strange that this remarkable character coming closely in contact with the young student, should have strongly influenced him for good, and should have shaped and quickened his zeal to rescue from spiritual death his perishing fellow men.

\*I am indebted chiefly to the Rev. Dr. Alfred H. Kellogg for these incidents in the life of Charles Lloyd.

Thus, perhaps, was implanted the germ of that strong interest which Dr. Baker always took in Foreign Missions, which at one time led to his election to the distinguished position of Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions; and which made the annual collection for that cause, for many years of his ministry, one of the largest in the whole Church. Indeed, during his Seminary years he had purposed to become a foreign missionary.

This train of incidents, beginning with the conversion of Charles Lloyd, the clerk, is another striking illustration of what Dr. Baker always emphasized in his ministry—the value of “Individual Work for Individuals,” to quote the title of one of the last books of that splendid Christian author and leader, the late Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull.

In the University of the City of New York young Baker was under the influence of teachers of vigorous intellect and scholarly training. The venerable Dr. Ferris was Chancellor; Dr. Howard Crosby was Professor of Greek, the elder Draper had the chair of Physics, and Professors Johnson, Bull and Martin had respectively the chairs of Latin, Mathematics and Literature. The University then occupied the old-fashioned marble-fronted building on “Washington Square”—a significant name, that marks both the beginning and the end of our friend’s career.

“As a student,” writes Dr. Abbott, “Baker’s work was easy; and as a scholar he might have attained almost any rank he chose. But he took his work lightly and cheerily, and was contented with a lower rank than he might readily have reached. It always seemed to me that he conquered the tasks of the class-room with the same facility with which he conquered the hearts of all with whom he made acquaintance. In a good sense he had and exercised the gift of popularity. I do not think there was a Professor with whom he was not a



favorite, or a student who did not respect and like him. His College life pursued an even tenor.

"Baker was always a good reader, writer and speaker, and his success in his chosen life-work was predestined from the outset. His commencement oration on the 21st of June, 1860, had for its subject 'Aspirations Toward the Infinite.' It was a characteristic theme. His whole life became an expression of those aspirations for himself and for others."

The class of 1860, to which Dr. Baker belonged, was not a large one; the whole College department indeed, numbered only about one hundred, but it seems to have been well charged with the strenuous spirit of the coming age. It "struck new notes and registered unwonted achievements" in the University life. It inaugurated base-ball and boating as collegiate sports. established class meetings and founded a college paper. It was a pioneer of that spirit of college athleticism which now so thoroughly pervades American schools of learning. Dr. Baker never lost his sympathy with the wholesome and honorable outdoor sports of young men.

### III.

#### HIS THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY COURSE.— CHAPLAINCY.

Of Dr. Baker's life in Princeton Theological Seminary little has come to my hands. To one of his classmates (Dr. Edward B. Hodge) he appeared in the quiet beauty of a Christian gentleman faithfully pursuing his preparation for the ministry, and quietly and unobtrusively exerting an influence rather by his general example of correct life and conduct as a student, than by any distinctive leadership. He was shy, reserved and, in the judgment of some, rather inclined to shun than to seek social enjoyment with fellow students. He was one of an interesting group of men at that time in Princeton, such as Sanford Cobb, now at Wilkes-Barre; Louis Fox, Frank

Hodge, Alfred H. Kellogg, Chas. Lloyd and William G. Andrews, an Episcopal student studying at Princeton.

The time of his seminary life was coincident with the national upheaval caused by the attack upon Ft. Sumter. The excitement among the students was intense, especially upon the memorable day of President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 volunteers. A Seminary quartette, composed of Lloyd and Hooker, William Irving and Bayles, went about singing patriotic songs, and stirred all to the highest pitch of feeling.

Dr. Baker resisted the temptation to abandon his studies and enter the army. But after graduation (1863), while temporarily assisting the Rev. Alfred H. Kellogg in the Brainerd Church, Easton, Pennsylvania, he responded to the special call for Thirty-days men made by the Governor of Pennsylvania, to aid in repelling the invasion of General Lee's army. Most of the young men of Lafayette College volunteered, and Baker went out as Chaplain of the batallion under command of Col. Thos. McKean. Thus he had an insight of war, or at least some of the scenes attending it. He was not in the battle of Gettysburg, and his service did not extend beyond three months, but he had a taste, at least, of the martial experiences of that crisis period of our country. When the necessity which called him into the tented field had passed away by the splendid repulse of Lee's army at Gettysburg, the young licentiate returned to his ministerial duties. His services in the army are spoken of as most satisfactory, and he succeeded in winning the hearts of the men to whom he ministered, as indeed he always did.

#### IV.

#### PASTORATES AT WATERTOWN, ONEIDA, DETROIT

His next service was in Cincinnati, Ohio, where for six months he assisted the Rev. Nathaniel C. Burt, D. D., an eminent divine, pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church. There

he made his way to the esteem of both pastor and people. Thence he was called (June, 1864) to his first permanent settlement over the Second Presbyterian Church of Watertown, New York, his native place, and the church of which his parents had been members for many years. During his ministry a new sanctuary was built, now known as the Stone Street Church, one of the prominent organizations of Northern New York.

His residence there was signalized by his marriage to Miss Gertrude Frelinghuysen Magie, daughter of David Magie of New York City, and sister of Dr. David Magie, of Princeton. This lady was in every way fitted for such companionship. Personally attractive, with an engaging smile, kind, benevolent, tactful, of clear judgment and true perceptions, she was an invaluable aid to her husband; and although in feeble health, was active in Church work and a great favorite with the several congregations in which she lived. The early love resulting in this marriage grew steadily during their united lives, and continued unabated to the day of Dr. Baker's death. His wife's life and death added much to the spiritual character of her husband, and to his devotion to his work. He was wont to consult her freely, and was greatly influenced by her judgment. Only those who came nearest to the inner life of Dr. Baker know how great was the loss to him of this estimable lady. For five years she was with him in Philadelphia, ere she entered the Father's House; and these were years of her final decline; but some of you felt the touch of her beautiful life, and learned to prize her noble character, and sweet influence upon her husband, your pastor.

In October, 1867, Dr. Baker accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church of Oneida, New York, an important and influential congregation. An elder of the First Church of Detroit, visiting Oneida on business, heard him preach. He was so favorably impressed that he strongly urged that Dr. Baker be invited to the vacant pastorate of his Church. This resulted in a unani-

mous call, which was accepted, and the installation took place October 3rd, 1871.

The First Church—or “First Protestant Society of the City of Detroit,” as it is officially known—is the “Mother Church” of Michigan, as this Church is of Pennsylvania. It had grown to be strong in all the elements of religious, ecclesiastical and social influence. Its bishop was the metropolitan of the region, and exercised or could exercise when duly qualified, an immense influence for good. And their new pastor was “duly qualified.” He threw himself into his parish work with all his energy, tact and persistence. He took up, as an especial interest, the cause of Home Missions, and made his Church and his ministry felt throughout that vast and rapidly growing section in the planting of many new congregations and the strengthening of Mission stations. He identified himself closely and actively with the work of City evangelization and Church extension, and during a bishopric of thirteen years wrote his name and his Church large upon the ecclesiastical and philanthropic work of Detroit and the whole region round about. In the Year Book and Directory of this Congregation (1889) one of his successors, the Rev. Dr. Marcus A. Brownson, now pastor of the Tenth Church of Philadelphia, thus summarized the pastoral work of Dr. Baker in Detroit:

“His faithful, earnest preaching and watchful care were abundantly blessed. Constant accessions to the membership of the Church and the thorough training of Christian disciples in the doctrines of the Scriptures and in the activities of Church work, mark this ministry. Dr. Baker was a wise counselor, and his judgment was often sought by those whose lives were beset with difficulties. He was ever ready to respond to the calls made upon his energies, and all who looked to him for help found in him a friend. In the City, as well as in the Church, his influence for good was felt. He was devoted to the moral welfare of the people and to the benevolent institutions of the

City. "The Helping Hand Society," whose object is the elevation of needy women and children, and their instruction as to home comforts and in spiritual truths, was organized through his instrumentality. The Farrand Training School for Nurses, established as a memorial to David O. Farrand, M. D., a member of the First Church, whose name will long be remembered in Detroit, and whose character was very like that of "the Beloved Physician," was due in large measure to the efforts of Dr. Baker. Among his ministerial brethren of his own and other denominations he was highly esteemed. Of the Presbyterian Alliance of Detroit, organized during his pastorate, he was an active member. In the Presbytery of Detroit and Synod of Michigan he was influential, and in that whole region his Christian character and earnestness exerted an influence for good. He was released from the pastoral relation by act of Presbytery Dec. 12th, 1884, and soon after became the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia."

## V.

### THE PHILADELPHIA MINISTRY.

The officers of the First Church, Philadelphia, had their attention directed to Dr. Baker by two clerical friends, Dr. Alfred H. Kellogg and Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, both of whom had known him from boyhood and had been co-laborers with him in Detroit. A vacation visit to the seaside for his wife's health gave an opportunity to see and hear the man, and on Nov. 5th, A. D., 1884, he was unanimously called, no other person being considered by the congregation. Upon receiving notification of his election Dr. Baker visited Philadelphia and was thoroughly informed of all details in connection with work of the First Church. He heard all, saw all, and was silent. When he came to leave "I will return home and consider, and answer you by letter," he said. It was characteristic!

In a week the answer came. He had accepted. With many it would have been a presumptuous step. With him it was brave and right. He saw an opportunity to do good work in a parish that would tax all his ability and bring into play new and untried faculties. He knew—none better than he—how much he risked. But he had confidence in those who called him. He had confidence in God and in the power of His word. He believed fully that the Master had bidden him to the duty; and he trusted that he would be sustained therein.

He arrived in Philadelphia on December 23d—Christmas week. It was a bitter cold season, something like that through which we have been passing. Mrs. Baker laughingly remarked: "When we came from Detroit, we hoped to get away from cold weather; but you beat us here." However, warm hearts and loving hands had prepared a house, furnished and ready for use, the one which afterward and during all his life here became his home, dear to many of us by happy associations that can never be lost from memory. His first public appearance as pastor was at the annual Christmas festival of the Sunday-school. His first pastoral sermon was preached on the second Sunday in January (Jan. 11th, 1885), from 2nd Cor. 12-9. "And He said unto me, My Grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength is made perfect in weakness." Thus he announced the key-note of his ministry, the source of all his hopes for success.

Reviewing his ministry of nineteen years, the results justify the confidence which the Church had in the wisdom of its choice of a pastor, and of the pastor's decision to accept the Church's call. Beginning with a communicant membership of 498, at the close of his first complete year of service (1886) the roll gradually rose to 823, at the close of his last year (1903). During these years there were received by profession of faith 301 souls, and by letter 417, a total of 918, an annual average of 51.

During the first half of this ministry the benevolent contributions for the various missionary causes of the Church were very high, reaching a first rank among all the congregations in the country. The outward drift of population and the death of many large givers naturally diminished these gifts in later years. But the aggregate is a noble sum, reaching, for eighteen years, a total for all objects of \$600,000. The largest total of contributions for any single missionary cause is for Foreign Missions—\$70,795; Home Missions following with \$39,540, and Missions to Freedmen, with \$15,626. These are the amounts as reported to the General Assembly of our Church and of course do not include great sums given by members of the Congregation which appear in no statistics but those which God's Recording Angels keep, but which go to swell the grand aggregate of gifts to humanity through the Church of Jesus Christ.

## VI.

### PERSONAL AND PASTORAL CHARACTERISTICS.

With some preachers the sermon is the chief element of power. It was not so with Dr. Baker. He was a good preacher; in some respects he was a great preacher. But it was the sum of all his qualities as a preacher, a pastor, an administrator and a man that won success in all his fields of labor. This was especially true of Philadelphia. One who studies his methods with the records, the statistics, the many details commonly hidden from outside view, the personal memorabilia, all in his hand, sees that Dr. Baker took up the spiritual cure of his parish as a skilled farmer tills his acres, or as an acute and eager business man pushes his trade.

He knew just what he wanted, and he set his aim straight upon it—a great factor in success in all fields of work. He was methodical; he kept his whole parish well in hand. He was persistent. He would not take "no" from fate, until, like

wrestling Jacob, he won his plea. He searched for spiritual fruit and Church success along practical business lines. He wrought at getting a congregation as do business men at getting customers.

He had a plan; he had plans. If one did not succeed, he tried others. If he was persistent in his aim, he was plastic in his method. If he was conservative in his views he was liberal in his practice. He believed in the power of the press, and he used it, but wisely. He was not sensational in his advertising and notices, but he was always there. His various printed appeals to his people were models of their kind, and they were not spasmodic, but regular and constant, and examples of his best work. He organized, or inspired and encouraged the organization of a high order of musical service in the praise of the sanctuary, and thus, through the popular love of music, won men to God and to His House. His printed orders of worship, wisely varied, adapted both to popular taste and pure worship, were distributed from house to house, especially in boarding houses, throughout the local parish, not occasionally but every week, from year to year.

The people soon learned that an earnest, wide-awake man who loved God and wanted to help them was in the old First Church pulpit. The evening sermons especially, were upon practical themes, ethical subjects, the bearings of religion upon every-day problems of life, comforting and helpful themes, advices for young men and women—all and always pivoting upon Jesus Christ as the World's Sole Redeemer. They were treated informally, sometimes colloquially, rather in the style of a magazine article than with set divisions and subdivisions of the ordinary sermonizer. Soon the evening congregations grew to be among the largest in the City, filling this spacious edifice. And during it all, Dr. Baker was the same quiet, modest, unpretentious friend and servant of his flock, and of every soul that sought him. "He was a man—a man of God—



perfected for all good works." There, in a sentence, lies Dr. Baker's character and the secret of his success.

*He was a man.* Not large in stature, yet the virile qualities ruled in his makeup. He impressed himself upon friends and the public as a manly person. And manhood is the cornerstone, the foundation of every great and useful character. He could stand up sturdily for what he held to be right. He kindled up well in face of wrong, or of any emergency that asked for action. He had a quick natural temper and he never overcame it, but he ruled it; and there was left that essential residuum of the power of indignation which marks strong characters. He understood and regarded the rights of others. If there had ever been a grain of the "bully" or the "boss" in his nature he had rid himself of it.

He was self-reliant, but not self-assertive; he was a modest man, natural, reserved, always quiet and retiring. He was just in his views and judgments, and all his faculties were controlled by the supreme quality that men call "common sense." He was courteous to all, most considerate in his bearing toward his associates. The vice-president of the Board of Education," the Rev. Dr. J. M. Crowell, of which he was president, writes: "I was impressed with the uniform dignity of his bearing, with the clear judgment which he brought to bear upon every matter that claimed consideration. He was always courteous and kind to his fellow members."

His oldest brother, Frederic, thus sums up his character: "Dr Baker was a man of great common sense, uniformly sound in his conclusions. I never knew him to say a foolish thing. There is such a thing as a Christian, and such a thing as a gentleman. They are not always united, but Dr. Baker was a *Christian gentleman*. Strict in his theological views, yet he was very tolerant. In Emerson's words: 'Lives like his make the earth wholesome.'

His "tolerance" was of peculiar quality, and it gendered

toleration. It seemed anomalous that a pastor of the Church of Albert Barnes, the apostle of New-Schoolism in the Presbyterian Church, should be rigidly Old-School and Princetonian in his theology, and excite no opposition or friction, or even comment. Yet so it was. The writer of this sketch led in the movement for a revised 'creed, which Dr. Baker vigorously opposed; yet their close personal and friendly relations were not for a moment clouded.

Dr. Baker was a *Man of God*. Of his genuine piety there is no doubt. It showed not only in his public utterances but in his private attitude; in the close friendships and fellowships wherein men wear no mask; in the whole tone of his life. The Church elder, who perhaps came nearer to him than any other, got and kept this impression of his personal piety: "He lived in communion with God. He lived near to God. He was through and through a Christ-man."

His life-long friend, Dr. Abbott, thus depicts his character: "He was always the same level-headed, large-hearted, warm-hearted friend and brother. It used to cheer me immensely to see how strongly and steadfastly he adhered to the old but ever new Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, relying on its promises for his own individual hope, and upon its grace and mercy for the saving of others. The words of all others to be written over his grave are 'Faithful and True.' In an acquaintance extending over nearly fifty years, I do not remember a single word or deed which should invalidate the truth and justice of that eulogium. His garments were always white, and he kept them unspotted even in his college days. Clean hands and a pure heart were the characteristics of his course all through. In exterior features there was wonderfully little change between the youth of twenty and the man of fifty, but the inner man grew marvelously.

"Among all the true and faithful men whom I have known, there is not one whose name I could write with deeper gratitude

for his friendship, or with more confidence in his character than that of George Danielson Baker."

Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, another life-long friend, thus sums up his character: "I never knew a man more four-squared, understanding, conscience, affections and will all withstood wrong and lent united resistance, and an aggressive insistence. His simplicity was to the last that of a child. He was as true a man as I ever knew."

In his charge to Dr. Patton, as President of Princeton Theological Seminary, delivered October 14th last (1903), Dr. Baker drew a picture of the sort of minister the Church needs. As we read it we trace the outlines of his own religious manhood. "A new Seminary is what the Church is calling for under your administration—a new Seminary which shall retain all the glorious inheritance of the old, but which shall graft upon it an enthusiastic purpose and ambition to send forth the best preachers and pastors in the land; men with hearts aflame to declare the glorious Gospel of the Son of God; having had it impressed upon them from start to finish in their course here, that this, above all things, is what this Seminary is for. To this end see to it, we implore you, that in every possible way the spiritual life of the students, while here in training, is kept up to the boiling point. Do not let them leave you without having learned in their own experience that *bene orasse est bene studuisse*—to have prayed well is to have studied well.

"The Church is crying to this Seminary—to all our Seminaries—'Help, help, help! We are hard bestead. Send us men of heart action, as well as men of brains and learning; men who can stand up before their dying fellows, and by their *dead-in-earnestness* arrest their attention, and make them think on eternal realities; men who will not only burn the midnight oil, but will themselves burn to the socket with consuming zeal for souls!'"

Did he go too far in this estimate of the value, nay the

necessity of personal piety in the minister? Certainly not! However it may be in other professions and callings, the preacher without piety is a failure! Nor was this mere professional talk with Dr. Baker. He believed it to the core of his being, and tried to live up to the standard which he here set up.

## VII.

### DR. BAKER AS A PREACHER.

As a preacher it is not easy to classify Dr. Baker. He was not commonly reckoned a brilliant or eloquent pulpit orator, but he certainly was a popular preacher. He had the power of winning and moving the heart and quickening and informing the mind. Those who heard him once, went again and again. And he held his audience. He grew upon his hearers. He gave the impression of reserved force, that he had not used up his resources; and what he did he did easily. Undoubtedly, he hampered his own powers as a preacher by his self-imposed restrictions. He always preached from manuscript. Even his Wednesday evening lectures were written and read.

His methodical habits showed in the preparation of his sermons. He used the square, ruled, sermon-paper, in vogue when he was young, stitched and clipped at the inner corners. His last sermon was as neatly put together as his first. He knew just how many pages, commonly eighteen of his writing, yielded a discourse of due length, and he limited himself thereto. When the limit was filled he stopped. His sermons were written out fully, with few abbreviations or signs such as ministers are wont to use,\* and they are written evidently in the full rush of thought, rapidly and not very legibly, until one learns his style. He never appears to have made use of a

\*A few of these are noted. C, (Latin *cum*) stood for *with*; *se*, (Latin) did duty for *self*, *himself*, *themselves*, etc., in all numbers and persons; *r*. was *are*; *ym*, *them*; *yr*, *their*; *ys*, *this*, etc.; *be*, *because*.

stenographer or typewriter in composition or in his large correspondence.

Such a method as this is apt to secure accuracy, but it tends to tie the wings of fancy, fetter imagination and suppress those outbursts of eloquence that rise from the impetus and growing momentum of thought, and from sympathetic contact of speaker with audience, and the reaction of one upon the other.

From these incidental advantages of extempore speaking Dr. Baker appears deliberately to have shut himself out, and thus fettered his natural powers. Had he chosen to cut loose from these limitations and practice the art of free oratory, he would have become a past master in effective platform eloquence. But he had chosen the method which, on the whole, he thought best suited to his gifts and he adhered to it with most satisfactory results.

He had a rarely sympathetic voice: sweet, rich, full, not loud, nor deep, but of good compass. It was too low for a tenor, too high for even a baritone, but had a pleasing and searching quality. It had a peculiar cadence, not a monotone, not sing-song, for it was perfectly natural, but a noticeable inflection and rhythmic movement faintly like that which marks the most eloquent Welsh preachers.

Dr. Abbott, than whom there are few better judges of good preaching, gives this picture of one of his friend's latest evening services: "Among the happiest memories of my life will remain the evening which I spent with him in his Church in Philadelphia, Sunday evening the 25th day of October last (1903). I do not know when before I heard him preach, and being in Philadelphia over that Sunday I resolved to go down and enjoy the privilege. No sooner had he entered his pulpit than he spied me in the front seat to which I had been shown by the usher, and down he came and nothing would do but that his old friend should go back with him to a seat by his side and share with him the service of the evening. What a noble sermon

it was! His theme was the universality of temptations. I shall never forget it. It was so like him, so strong, so true, so direct, so faithful, so affectionate, so full of knowledge of the human heart and of the experiences of human life! And how intently the vast congregation listened!—the elder men on the floor, young people in the gallery, every individual, as if the speaker were speaking to him or to her! When the service was over we bade each other good-bye, as it proved, for the last time.”

Dr. Baker has left on record in one of his last public utterances, the Charge to Dr. Patton, his ideal of pulpit excellence. This address has already been quoted from to present his views on personal piety in the minister. The following will show the standard of pulpit ability which he fixed for himself and sought for others.

“There is to-day in the Church a sharp call for ‘all-round’ preachers, an imperative demand for men in the pulpit who will *compel* a hearing. We are fallen on times when people do not go to church as much as they once did from sheer principle, whether the man in the pulpit interests them or not. They must be interested once or they will not go twice. But, at the same time, the man who has something to say and knows how to say it, is sure of hearers.

“The cry of the hour is for preachers, practical preachers. Of what use to know all about the construction of a gun if you do not know how to shoot? Or, if shooting it off you come nowhere near the bull’s eye? Never, in the Church’s history, has there been such an exorbitant demand upon the pulpit as now. It is hard to meet it. ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ is the agonizing cry going up from many an overwhelmed minister’s soul!

“I say, it is hard to meet the sometimes almost merciless demand for freshness and power in the pulpit. But it **must** be met! And this **Seminary** must stretch every nerve to help meet it. It must be understood that what this school is for is

to train *pulpit athletes*; not simply men learned in the Scriptures, but men mighty in handling them in the presence of living men."

## VIII.

### SERMONIZING.—EXTRACTS FROM LAST SERMONS

Dr. Baker's method of treating his subjects, at least the exordiums of his sermons, may perhaps best be shown by giving examples of the way in which he closed the last two sermons that he preached. His last Sunday morning sermon was from Psalm 13: 1, "How long wilt Thou forget me, Oh God? Forever? How long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me?" His subject was "The Temptation to be Impatient With God," and thus he concluded:

"Patience with God does not mean one moment's truce in the battle with evil. The man who folds his arms and takes it easy is *not* patient with God. How can any man with the least bit of the Spirit of Christ in him take it easy? Do you see them? Dead from rum, dead from lust, dead from gambling, dead by the pistol, dead by the plunge into the dark river? Do you see them? And can you be calm? Oh, the feet that are slipping, slipping! Oh, the lives that are going to utter perdition!

"He is patient with God, and he only, who exerts himself to the utmost; who fights with all his might and main, and then trusts that God will, in His own times, bring to pass all that he has promised. And that sort of patience with him, God knows, is sadly needed to-day. This is what God is saying to us who marvel sometimes that he does not make bare his arm; 'Be quiet! Keep your eyes open and your heart still. Do your best; fight your hardest; but do not get into a panic!'

" 'If I had the power,' said John Foster, once, 'of touching a large part of mankind with a *spell*, it should be this short sentence, 'Be quiet, be quiet!' In such quietness as he meant, there is strength.

"If the state of the world and the state of the Church is depressing; if the Gospel itself seems to be losing its power, and a sort of diluted Christianity is replacing the strong and sturdy and inspiring faith once delivered to the Saints—still, when we, who do believe in God and in Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, enter our chambers and shut the door, and pray to our Father in secret, we *do* find that the old virtue is there! We are reassured as to God's promises, and we say 'though His salvation tarries we will wait for it,' for it is sure to come.

"Once when the Disciples were pressing Christ to take a bolder position in society, he made this quiet but most significant reply. 'My time is not yet come, but your time is always ready.' The fungus grows and perishes within the compass of a few hours, but the oak is the growth of centuries. The rocket splutters out all its empty secrets at once; but the stars have not told all their story yet.

'This fine old world of ours is but a child  
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! give it time  
To learn its limbs; there is a Hand that guides.'

"Oh! let us be sure of that, the Hand that guides! The noise of the water-floods is in our ears, and it is hard to hear anything besides. But there is One that sitteth above the water-floods. May our eyes be quickened and opened to His great word: 'Be patient, establish your hearts! The coming of the Lord draweth nigh!' " So closed the last morning message to his beloved people, "The Coming of the Lord Draweth Nigh!"

The last sermon written and preached by Dr. Baker was from John 1: 9. "That was the True Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It is marked "No. 1885" at the top of the first page; at the bottom "Nov. 14, '03," apparently the date of its completion. On the last page, according to his custom, is marked the time and place of preaching: "First Philadelphia—Nov. 15, '03, evg." The subject is "Where do Good Skeptics Get their Goodness?" It thus closes:



"While there is goodness beyond the pale of the Church, and while there is, alas, badness in the Church, yet the Church, the Christian Church, is to-day the best available agency in the world for helping wearied, struggling, tempted mortals to live good lives, and to save their souls from being lost in their bodies. Oliver Wendell Holmes's biography gives a letter in which the Boston sage and humorist says:

"I am a regular Church-goer. I should go for various reasons, even though I did not love it. But I am happy enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept their creeds or not. For there is in the corner of my heart a plant called 'Reverence' which needs to be watered about once a week."

"Dear friends, I hope *you* get that plant watered here. If some of you are sceptical, I hope when you go away from such a service as this, you say in your heart, 'Well, I have received no harm here. It has done me good, and not evil.' You do not know *how much you owe to Christ*. None of us do! If He were to be blotted out of your knowledge: if during our sleep tonight we should lose all consciousness of Christ, and wake tomorrow not knowing that there was such a Person, and having forgotten we ever knew how utterly different life would be to us, and death, too, how utterly vague and dismal would be our thoughts of that father and mother, and wife and little child who have gone away from us!"

The sermon ends with a poetical quotation, of which the last verse is as follows:

"I cry to Thee, Thou dear God,

This patient prayer:

Take me, but in Thine own time

*Thou knowest where!"*

In a lower corner of the page is written the question, "Where did he get?"—perhaps a suggestive hint or "catch phrase" for an extemporaneous conclusion. Just beneath this,

in quotation marks, is this sentence, standing alone and completing the page:

*"Christ, of all my hopes the Ground!"*

The last act of that facile pen was to underscore that sentence by way of emphasis. Then it was laid aside, to be taken up no more in the loved service of this people to whom the last and best half of his ministry was given. So ended that noble life, that useful career.

Let us read again his last text: "That was the True Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Let us read again that last sentence penned by the loving pastor's hand and which his dear voice spoke for you: "Christ, of all my hopes the Ground!" It is even so! Beloved friends, *is* it so with us all?

Dr. Baker possessed a vigorous style of English, which one may note in his New Year Annuals. Few writers have had better command of the language of the people. He drew his vocabulary from "the well of English undefiled"—the English of the Bible, of Bunyan, of the Book of Prayer and the Westminster Confession of Faith. His language was animated, forceful, yet simplicity itself. As illustrating this, take an analysis of the two closing pages of his last New Year's Greeting to his people, that of A. D., 1903. In a total of 289 words, 238 are of one syllable—*over 83 per cent.*; 35 of two syllables, and 13 of three or more; and not a word that is not "understandable" by the general public, even the longest, as "circumstances," "independent" and "unspeakable." This is certainly a remarkable command of this most effective agent of written and spoken speech—the plain, strong Anglo-Saxon words of our language.

The sentences thus analyzed as an example of style, are as follows: "But this I try to do, to visit the sick when I know of their illness, and to go to the sorrowing in the time of their affliction. Never be afraid to ask me to do this. It is for me to

go to them, it is for the well and strong to come to me in the House of God.

"Dear friends, one and all, I do wish you a Happy New Year. Some of you are looking forward to joyous events in it, and some of you have forebodings of ill. Some of you are glad because you are a year older, a year nearer manhood and womanhood; and some of you are sad because you are "getting on" and no mistake! But my prayer for you is that without reference to youth or age, or joy or sorrow, or health or sickness, or wealth or poverty, it may still be a *Happy* Year. For there is a happiness that is independent of all outward circumstances. It is happiness in God; it is joy in Christ; it is comfort in the Spirit. May you all have it! This is the purpose of all my ministry to you. For this I am giving you all of brain and heart I have, that you may 'rejoice with the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.' Once more then, dear people, a Happy New Year, in your own lives, in your families, in your Church!"

The closing pages of the New Year's Greeting of 1896 are yet more remarkable, having in a total of 229 words nearly ninety per cent. of words of one syllable. The concluding sentences are here quoted:

"Let me close my eyes now for a few moments, and get you all before my *mind's* eye. I can do that better with my eyes closed than with them open \* \* \* I have done it. I have seen you in your joys, and in your sorrows; in your festivities and in your griefs; in your prosperity, and in your adversity. Yes, I have seen you all, men and women and children. I thank God for you, my people. I wish I could do more for you, that I could be more to you. Yes, I wish this from my heart. But from the deepest place in my heart, I wish that CHRIST might do more for you, and be more to you. I know how much *you* need Him, for I know how much I need Him myself. And if I have ever brought any one of you nearer to

Him, helped you to know Him better, and to love Him more, believe me, I am unspeakably thankful.

"And now the New Year is upon us! Oh! what has it for you, and for me, and for our Church? Let us clasp each other's hands and go into it quietly and bravely. Let us keep close together. It can bring with it nothing, but He will bear us through.' With clasped hands then, *In His Name*, a Happy New Year!"

## IX.

### DR. BAKER'S OFFICIAL HELPERS.

In studying the causes contributory to Dr. Baker's success in Philadelphia, one is compelled in justice to go outside of the man himself. In its long history this First Church has been favored with a succession of remarkable pastors, but with an equally remarkable succession of pious, faithful and competent officers, both in spiritual and secular affairs. No pastor was more highly favored in this particular than the last one. From the beginning to the end he never had a moment's care about the Church temporalities. He was asked to give himself wholly to the ministry, and leave money matters and property management to the designated officers. And he did it. He was fortunate enough to have men in control who were both able and willing to bear all burdens of financial management and support. And it was with them a reality and not a pretense, as is too often the case.

In the eldership he had men who, in devotion to Christ and His Church and to the particular congregation over which they were overseers, were truly ensamples to the flock. They supported their pastor's plans; they held up his hands in public; they comforted and counselled him in private; they took the lead in all good work; they suggested and planned, and wrought and gave. They kept the Church spirit awake and active. Few captains of the Lord's Host ever had better, wiser, more

efficient lieutenants than they. Under God, Dr. Baker owed to them and to the corps of noble, working, praying, giving Christian women and men who gathered around them, more than to any other cause, the great success which God gave him here.

Of that faithful band—and it is not invidious to speak it here, for it voices the loving sentiment of our departed friend and the judgment of the Christian public—the foremost in love and good works has been one whom I need not name, for his name will occur to you all. And at his side, a true yoke-fellow in all work for God and humanity has been his devoted and efficient wife. May God grant continuously to this beloved and honored and venerable Church such efficient leadership and such loyal following. With that, a future as worthy as has been any epoch of the past surely awaits her. Dr. Baker well knew these facts; and he loved and trusted, and both wisely guided and wisely yielded to the natural leaders of the people. That policy was a chief factor in his successful administration.

## X.

### RELATIONS WITH THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Dr. Baker's pastorate extended with especial tenderness over the Sunday-school. He had been well disciplined for such a duty by his early life. His father was long a Superintendent. For some years he attended the Spring Street Church and Sabbath-school of New York, the latter a noted nursery which has sent scores of good Christian workers into the world. For a season, also, young Baker served an apprenticeship as Sunday-school teacher, worker and manager, under Ralph Wells, one of the most remarkable Superintendents of this or any generation. With such early experience it would have been strange had he not highly valued and cared for that department of his Church work. And he was happy in having a corps of officers

and teachers who appreciated and invited the pastor's co-operation and primacy.

It was Dr. Baker's invariable habit to hold a quarterly preaching service in the School. The usual exercises were omitted, and the pastor preached a sermon, thoroughly prepared and adapted to young minds. This was looked forward to with eagerness by all, and was never permitted to be overlooked or belittled. It had a most salutary influence upon the young. It magnified the Pastor's office before them. It presented him to them as their spiritual adviser. It drew a strong bond of sympathy around the minister and those upon whom, under God, the future of the Church depends. How closely Dr. Baker watched this part of his field, and how keen was his sympathy with it, and how swift and wise to avail himself of an opportunity to win young hearts to the higher life, the following letter will illustrate. It is self-explanatory.

*"KINDLY READ TO THE SCHOOL.*

"Dear Teachers and Scholars: I shall not be with you this afternoon, but I want you to know how much I feel the death of one of your members.

"It's not *often* that God comes thus into our midst, and when He does we ought to stop and *think*; and we ought to hear His voice saying to us, 'Be ye also ready,' for I may come for you next.

Dear Teachers, are *all* your scholars ready? If not, are you doing *all you can* to make them so? Oh! be earnest and prayerful that *no* one of them may go out of your class still unsaved. Only a little while and you will not be able to gather them about you as today, and tell them of 'Jesus and His Love.' If death does not take them away from you, they will soon be men and women, out in the world, out of your reach. Oh! do what you can for them *now*.

And, dear Scholars, give yourselves to Christ to-day; give

Him your young lives. Then, if in some hour, all unexpectedly, He calls *you* away, all will be well. You will go to the beautiful Home He has gone before you to prepare, and there be with Him and serve Him forever.

"Shall we all 'gather at the River?' I hope and pray it.

\*Affectionately your Pastor,

"GEO. D. BAKER."

"Jan. 26, '96."

## XI.

### ECCLESIASTICAL AND BENEVOLENT HONORS AND OFFICES.

A view of Dr. Baker's relations to Christian work outside of the pastorate, has been fully given in the resolutions already presented by the various organizations with which he was officially associated. It is therefore needless here to go into details. The facts beneath these testimonials show that while acknowledging his primary fealty to his Presbyterian pastorate he recognized the wider claims of a Christian ministry.

It would have been passing strange had it been otherwise. The breast that nurtured him was full of "the milk of human kindness." His mother took a leading part in the benevolent institutions of New York, of one of which she was the foundress. The hand that rocked his cradle was ever outreached to help the needy. The Church of his ministry is distinguished for love and good works. In some minds—mostly those who get their opinions by absorption, rather than form them by reasoning from known facts—the Presbyterian Church is chiefly characterized by its rigid Calvinistic doctrines and Puritan morals. The clash of a day's credal controversy in our General Assemblies rings around the world. But the whole week, day and night sessions, given to the reports, addresses and debates upon our splendid and well-nigh unsurpassed efforts and gifts to enlighten, relieve and redeem the debased, the unfortunate, the

suffering, the helpless infant and the aged infirm, of every color and country and creed, are passed with a paragraph, or are left unnoticed. But these, in truth, are our chief characteristics, our highest honors, our worthiest badges of the true faith. Dr. Baker was typically Presbyterian in his creed, and cosmopolitan in his charity; and the two have rarely been disjoined in the gracious duty of sweetening, saving, freeing and illumining mankind.

In his Detroit pastorate Dr. Baker's philanthropic impulses were shown in his relations to the Farrand School of Nurses, the Helping Hand Society, and the Harper Hospital. After his removal to Philadelphia he gradually grew into a bishopric that brought upon him, in addition to the exacting duties of his large congregation, no small amount of "the care of all the Churches." This was a heavy load to carry, and he bore it with credit and efficiency.

Some of the positions to which he was elevated are of great dignity and responsibility. Princeton Theological Seminary, of whose Board of Directors he was president, is the oldest and is commonly held to be the most important of all the theological schools of the American Presbyterian Church. It ranks among the foremost institutions of like kind in the Christian World.

The Board of Ministerial Education, of which he was president, stands close to the Church's heart and life, since it is largely concerned in the education of candidates for the ministry. As president of the Philadelphia Bible Society he showed his interest in spreading the inspired volume, whose living oracles are the source of our holy faith and Christian ethics.

As a member of the Presbyterian Historical Society, whose officers and members represent all the families of Presbyterian and Reformed Churches in the United States, he showed his interest in preserving to the Church and the world the knowledge of the lives and acts of those apostolic men and women whose faith and self-denying and heroic labors have



founded the noble and beneficent institutions that have enriched our own being and blessed humanity.

In the field of general philanthropy he was represented in the presidency of The Christian League. Many wholesome reforms and beneficent changes already wrought show how efficient it has been in purifying some of the foul springs of depraved life in Philadelphia, by its unobtrusive but vigorous policy. How helpful it has been in shielding with a high Christian courtesy, and helping with a full Christian heart and hand the Chinese strangers in our midst, is well attested by the presence tonight of a large delegation of the olive-cheeked children of the Flowery Empire, allies with you in grief, in honor, and in love for the dead President of The Christian League.

The personal qualities shown by Dr. Baker as a presiding officer may best be illustrated by his habit in the one with which he was most closely identified. The Rev. Dr. Edward B. Hodge, secretary, in response to my request has thus written of Dr. Baker's bearing in the presidency of the Board of Education:

"As the presiding officer of the Board, to which place he was elevated on the 17th of June, 1889, he appeared to great advantage. He was regular in attendance, punctual in arriving at the place of meeting, dignified in bearing, and appreciating the importance of the position which the Board sustains to the work committed to the Church of evangelizing the world through an educated ministry. He recognized the fact that the Board was not a mere office for the receipt and disbursement of money, nor an agency for merely recording and acting upon the requests of Presbyteries; but an agency representing the whole Church, and with a responsibility to all contributing to its treasury; a unifying agency expressing the settled convictions and formulated principles of a great Church on a subject of fundamental importance, and, under the direction of the General Assembly, using all pos-

sible influence to maintain a high standard of education for the ministry both as to character, scholarship and efficiency.

"As a presiding officer Dr. Baker, as was proper, kept himself well informed as to the details of business, and made it his duty to direct it, having clearly defined opinions, holding them with a good degree of tenacity, and not hesitating to use his influence to have them prevail. Yet he was eminently courteous and fair, and always ready to let the other side be heard. He never deviated from his zeal for keeping the ministry a truly learned profession, with the full college and seminary course. But he was intensely zealous that the ministry should be practical, using all the resources of learning and piety to influence the individual conscience, and secure the saving of men. His own feeling on this subject is illustrated by the story I have heard him tell several times about Dr. Purves and the sermon (I believe the last one) preached by him in the old First Church to an audience that crowded the building. Dr. Purves had spoken with intense fervor, and had made evidently a profound impression. At the close of the service, when Dr. Baker grasped his hand, Dr. Purves said to him 'What wouldn't I give for just five minutes more of opportunity to speak to these people!' Dr. Baker's own earnestness in addressing his congregation was a continual illustration of his appreciation of the minister's opportunity at the Sunday ministrations in the House of God.

"His devout spirit was manifested at the meetings of the Board when any particular crisis arose. The death of a member, the death of the venerable secretary, Dr. Poor, the painful decline in the number of candidates for the ministry, and similar crises, exhibited him as a man deeply feeling the need of drawing near to God for comfort and for succor. My personal relations with him during the ten years of our association with each other as officers of the Board, were of the most cordial and helpful character. Although he loved to seclude himself in the

old study of his church, sacred to the memory of Albert Barnes, until afternoon, he would come forth from his retirement with cheerful alacrity, in an emergency, to confer with the secretary. Or, if important matters required conference, he would steal time from his busy life at my request to give me half an hour before the Board assembled. His position as president of the Board of Directors of Princeton Seminary, in which Board I also have a seat, threw us together in more than one interesting conference concerning the interests of the institution, for the prosperity of which he was deeply concerned."

## XII.

### THE LAST DAYS.

Prognostications or forewarnings of death are to be largely discredited. But sometimes events have so befallen and so grouped themselves as they were recalled, as to leave the impression, at least, that to some persons is given if not a foresight yet a foresense of approaching dissolution. As the rising sun, mounting toward the horizon, throws forward luminous beams that touch with varied colors the hanging bands of clouds, and announce that the day is near, so, the coming morning of transition from earth to Heaven would seem to cast in advance a foreglow of its coming to some favored souls.

There are mysteries in our being, mysteries in our relations to the future world, mysteries that enfold as in a haze our life and our death, which continually evade us. The last days of Dr. Baker seemed to some who knew him well, to be enfolded in a foreglow of the Heavenly world. There was a prevailing tone of sadness in his demeanor. His face in repose gave the impression that some great care pressed upon his spirits. There was a softening of the manner like that which often comes when one discerns the end of earth to be near, and is casting off the cords that bind to the shore of time.

Take this incident. His custom was to print and circulate

his Wednesday evening lecture topics three months in advance. Turn to your last quarterly list, beginning with October 7th, and note the topic for November 11th. It is this: "*And Dying is but Going Home!*" It was his last Wednesday evening service! His text was that saying of the Master, "I go to My Father." The beloved pastor never met his people again in that holy place of convocation.

One of the most loving, faithful and helpful of those who waited on his ministry, noted the peculiar temper of the discourse, both in manner and substance, so tender, so heavenly, almost prophetic. The whole service had a tone as of one standing just outside the gate of the Celestial City looking in upon and catching upon his spirit some outshinings of the glory of the Father's House. I have transcribed this lecture, and have inserted it as an appendix.

On the Saturday week before that service he visited me at my Devon home, (October 31st, 1903). It was the last day of October, a clear crisp autumnal day. I drove him through the beautiful Chester Valley and to that shrine of patriotism, Valley Forge. How he enjoyed the trip through the valley; the clear running streams, the fields and the forests! In his quiet way he drank in all the natural beauty of the scenery; but often broke into expressions of admiration. When at last a turn in the road brought us in full view of Mt. Joy, the scene of Washington's immortal winter encampment, he could not contain his enthusiasm. From base to summit the hill was aflame with those gorgeous hues that mark American autumnal woods. The deep russets of the oak, the yellows of the maple, the orange of the sassafras, the scarlet and crimson of the **sour** gum, the red-bud and the twining ampelopsis, with the glints of green still on the leaves—all intermingled by the divine Artist's hand, made up a picture of rare beauty. Dr. Baker again and again exclaimed at the wonderful sight. It seemed to him as a vision of the Mountain of the Lord's House, robed in all the

splendor of the Eternal Home! As he sat at dinner by the side of the hostess, he spoke several times of that view of Mt. Joy. "I shall never forget it!" he exclaimed. "It seemed to me like a look into Heaven!" Ah! how soon, how soon his eyes were to see the very Mountain of God in the beauty of Holiness! But I am glad he had the memory of that earthly vision to carry with him.

On the last Sunday of his ministry his theme was "The Temptation to be Impatient With God." The alabaster box of comfort which he then broke for his beloved congregation, was prepared against his own hour of trial. His last sermon was an answer to the question, "Where do Good Sceptics get their Goodness?" He appeared weary after the service, and one of the elders asked him if he were not suffering with a cold. "No," he said, "I fear it is the old trouble!"

The next night he met in regular Church Session the Elders—those wise, faithful and devout counselors and helpers to whom and their predecessors this congregation and the Christian community owe an immeasurable debt. On Tuesday he met an engagement to speak with Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins at the Holy Trinity Parish House in behalf of the Women's Sabbath Association. He was suffering much at that time, and feared that he would have to retire. But he persisted; and so it befalls that his last public address was in a Protestant Episcopal Sanctuary, before an organization of Christian women, and in advocacy of a higher standard of Sabbath observance.

Dr. Baker believed in the old-fashioned—and it is the good-fashioned—Sabbath. He was deeply grieved at the desecration of the Lord's Day, which has so greatly increased in our city and country. He rightly thought it to be one of the most fruitful sources of impiety and a chief foe of religion and the Church. Thus the last utterance of that beloved voice, falling from that final service, was an echo of the Divine law given upon Sinai, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy!"

From that duty Dr. Baker went to his death bed. Little remains to tell, and that little is sadly familiar to you. After two weeks of intense suffering, after consultation with Philadelphia and New York physicians, an operation was decided upon. He was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital and on December 2nd he passed under the surgeon's knife.

On the evening of December 15th he was removed from the Hospital and taken across the street to his home, No. 906 Pine street. On the 17th, two days thereafter, he seemed better and enjoyed heartily his mid-day meal. Soon thereafter he was seized with severe pains. The doctors were hastily summoned and did what they could. It was useless. The fatal bolt was sped. They called it "neuralgia of the heart." It matters not, by whatever name called, the fell blow finished the victim's course.

He thanked the physicians, but told them their efforts would not avail. "I am going to die," he said. "It is best. It is God's will. I am prepared. Goodbye!" Then he gave this last message to those who loved him—a great multitude, greater than he ever knew: "*Say goodbye to all my friends. Tell them I am going to my Father—I am going Home, and it's all right! We'll meet again. Going home—we'll meet again! We'll meet again—going Home!*" It was his swan-song—an anthem of Home and Heaven! It was the echo on his dying lips of that last Wednesday night lecture in the dear old Church:—"I go to my Father's House—*And dying is but Going Home!*"

On the room there fell that deep silence in which we await the flight of an immortal spirit. Quietly, as when an infant falls on sleep, the last faint breathings rose and fell. The hands on the clock dial marked the hour of four. Beyond the hills and Church spires of West Philadelphia the sun was slowly sinking through the crisp air, setting the sky aglow. Without a struggle, in perfect peace, the day of that dear life went out and the night of death fell. Nay! Why should we not rather

say—the evening shadows moved away, and the splendor of the Eternal Day rose upon his sight?

“How blest the righteous when he dies  
When sinks a weary soul to rest!  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves th’ expiring breath!  
So fades the summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o’er.  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.”

On Monday, December 21st, his silent form lay before his vacant pulpit, black with mourning drapery, but seeming to rise out of a bed of beautiful flowers, the offerings of love from many. A company, which for quality and numbers is rarely seen under one roof, joined in his funeral rites, and listened with deep and tearful interest to the tributes to his character and worth paid by the eminent President of Princeton Theological Seminary and the honored Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania.

On the next day, Tuesday, December 22nd, the nineteenth anniversary of his arrival in Philadelphia, with his wife, to take possession of his new field, devout men carried him to his burial in “Greenwood,” Brooklyn’s beautiful City of the Dead. There, in the family lot he lies, side by side with the wife he so tenderly loved, and in mute fellowship with the kindred dust of the parents who gave him life, nurture and training for his sacred duty and calling. Brother, Pastor, Friend, faithful man of God—Farewell!

One duty remains ere this memorial service can be counted as complete. Let every soul in this vast congregation, and every soul of those who would be reckoned among the friends of Dr. Baker, here highly resolve, by the help of God’s Spirit, not to disappoint his dying hope, but as far as human will can go, to fulfill his death-bed prophecy:

*“We’ll meet again! We’ll meet again!”*

Following Dr. McCook's address, a tenor solo by Mendelssohn, "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death and I Will Give Thee a Crown of Life," was sung by Mr. Nicholas Douty, after which Rev. Dr. Agnew offered prayer.

Gracious, loving, sympathizing God, as a mother comforts her children, so do Thou, O God, comfort this people. Come, we beseech Thee, and bind up their bruised and broken hearts. Send them the comforter to strengthen their faith, to bear the burdens resting upon them, to pass safely through this great grief without yielding to despair. May they follow the teachings so often heard from the lips of their pastor, and may they ever put their trust in, and live for Christ, as He tried to live ever to his Master. O God, send us Thy holy spirit and help one and all of us to resolve that we will be more faithful in all of our duties to the State and to the Church; more faithful in doing those things which will make our lives pleasing and helpful to others; and when the time comes for us to lie down in death, may we have no fear, but may perfect love cast out all fear of death, and may we die in the sweet peace of the humble believer in the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. We ask all in Jesus' name. Amen.



HYMN 417— Hark! the sound of holy voices,  
Chanting at the crystal sea,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee!  
Multitude which none can number,  
Like the stars, in glory stands,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding  
Palms of victory in their hands.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,  
They have triumphed, following  
Thee the Captain of salvation.  
Thee their Saviour and their King;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory.  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite;  
Love and peace they taste for ever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision.  
Of the blessed Trinity. Amen.

Benediction by Rev. Dr. McCook.



**Last Wednesday Evening Lecture**

**November 11, 1903**

**AND**

**Extracts from Sermons**

**BY**

**Rev. George A. Baker, D. D.**

**AND**

**Sundry Testimonials**

**OF HIS**

**Character and Services**



## "I go to my Father." \*

JOHN 14: 12.

Some one has said that you can unlock a man's whole life if you watch what words he uses most. I think this is true. If you will study men and women carefully, you will find that each one has his own vocabulary; and you will not be obliged to be long in his company to ascertain what it is. This man will drift almost immediately into talk about business, and this woman into talk about dress. This person will introduce the subject of books, and that the latest opera; while here and there a traveller, etc. How common a remark it is: "I never meet so and so that he doesn't almost right away begin to talk of such and such a subject." So our vocabulary is largely our history, and our favorite words are ourselves.

Now, I hope you have studied Christ's words with enough care and detail to know what were His favorites. If you have, you must have been very deeply impressed with their fewness and with their simplicity. Have you ever noticed how much these words were on his lips—world, life, trust, love? But there is another word, and it was often, very often, on his lips, a great word, and it was a new word. There was no word that began to mean what it meant before He came; and it was a

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\* Dr. Baker's will required that all his sermons and other papers should be burnt after his death. Before the execution of this decree, I asked to have the temporary use of several of his sermons and addresses, in order rightly to prepare the biographical sketch entrusted to me. The following lecture, to which reference is made in the sketch, had such special interest to many of Dr. Baker's congregation and friends that I have thought well to copy it and print it as an appendix to my address. Readers, of course, will remember that it was not written for publication, but in the free and colloquial style of a lecture-room talk.—H. C. McC.

word the world needed oh, how much! He brought it with Him from heaven and gave it to men. It was the word—  
FATHER.

I want you always to remember that that was His own word. The world owes Him an unspeakable debt for it. There are a great many men who in these days have a great deal to say about the Fatherhood of God. "That is about all the religion they want," etc.; who care nothing for Christ; who, indeed, consider Him only a man, and who never give Him credit for this word. But all the same it is *His word*. It is His pure revelation. He came all the way from heaven to teach the poor children of God here on earth to say "Our Father."

It is impossible for us to overestimate the preciousness of this word to Christ Himself. During His entire life it was everything to Him. The thing that comforted Him, and cheered Him, and helped Him, and steadied Him, and carried Him triumphantly through His entire life, was this little sentence, "I go to My Father." Just as early in His life as He could think it, He said to Himself, "I go to My Father," and He kept saying it to the end. "I came from My Father and I am going to my Father." He never forgot that word for a moment. There is no sermon of His where it does not occur. There is no prayer from which it is omitted. From that day in His childhood when He said, "I must be about My Father's business," until He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit My spirit!"—His life was simply that—"I go to My Father."

Now, I want you, dear people, to-night to think how this sentence, "I go to My Father," is the *key to life* and the *key to death*. Every one who thinks is sometimes overwhelmed with the thought of what a mystery life is! Who and what am I? "Whence came I? and whither do I go?" The brains and hearts of men have been at work on these questions from Adam down, but they have not yet lost their interest, after all the

handling of them. They are not worn out. We know what the atheist says, what the rationalist says: "There is nothing but matter. The soul, as you call it, is only phosphorus. We are all going back to dust, and that is the end of us. There is no consciousness after death." And we know what the agnostic says: "We are going into the 'unknown.' We know nothing about it. Death may end all, and it may not. We do not know."

But Christ says, "I go to My Father," and He says to those who believe on Him and take Him as their Maker and Judge: "You are going with Me to the Father. Where I am, there shall ye be also." That, He says, is the Christian life—it is a "going to the Father." Some go early in life, some go later. Some of us are long on the road, and some only a very little while. Some have many pleasures on the way, and some have many sorrows. But however long or short the road, however smooth or however rough, it is simply "a going"—day after day, year after year—on to the end, a "going to the Father."

Now, this explains life, the Christian life. It is a life of progress; it is a life of "going on," and in order to keep us going on, to prevent us from loitering on the way, or stopping somewhere as though we had already completed our journey, God has over and over again to send us something, some difficulty, some sorrow, some disappointment. He says to us, "Arise ye and depart, this is not your rest." As we "go to the Father," we are entertained, as it were, like passing guests at the inns on the roadside. Sometimes we get into a particularly good inn, and we are inclined to linger in it too long. And then He sends us something that reminds us that this is not our life; that our life is a going—a continual going—"to the Father," and that we must be on our way.

Perhaps he takes away from us some one we dearly love, takes that one to Himself, and then we say, that one has gone

to the Father—has reached the Father's House. I will be up and on my way! I also will go to the Father. And we keep on our way; we do not faint by the way; we do not lie down or give up, because of this happy consciousness that we are going to the Father. Some one comes to us in the midst of our sorrow and our weariness, when the way is rough and dark, and says to us, "Now, do you really think that life is worth living?" And we answer, "Of course it is, because it is a going to the Father." Under any other supposition it would *not* be worth living. There is nothing to sustain life but this. If a man can say, "However dark one's path may be, it leads to the Father," he can keep on.

Think of Christ Himself. You must have noticed in your reading how, when troubles thickened more and more around Him, when He went deeper and deeper into the shadow of His cross, this word, "I go to My Father," was dearer and dearer to Him. And when the last days came, in almost every other sentence you find "My Father." Ah! friends, this is the Christian's stay in life. Whatever happens to him, He is on his way, he is going to his Father. It does not stagger him to be a stranger here, to feel that the world is passing away.

He is like the miner who is out of the sunshine for a little, spending his short day in the dark bowels of the earth. Does he desire to spend his life there? No; but his Master does. Is his life there? No; his life is up above. A communication is open to the surface, and the fresh, pure life comes down to him from God. Is he not wasting time there? Will he always stay there? Ah, no. There is the soliloquy of such an one put for us in verse.

"I have passed the last summit; I'm across the divide,  
The trail is now coming down the steep mountain side;  
It cannot be long, tho' my progress is slow,  
To the deep and dark canyon I see far below.



I have asked the great Master when I come to the end  
 To be there, to bless me, protect and defend,  
 For I'll surely be lonely, I surely will fail,  
 If I do not find Him at the end of the trail.  
 I have turned the last bend on the trail I have trod,  
 And I see a bright Being with the likeness of God,  
 And I hear a dear voice, as it floats up to me:  
 Old Miner, my son, I am waiting for thee!  
 The bed rock is pitching more steep and more free;  
 With accelerate motion I pass a tost sea\*  
 My Lord and my Master, the word could not fail.  
 I see Thee, I find Thee at the foot of the trail."

Now, on this side we call that which is thus described, death. What is it, really? It is really *the Father!* Life is going to the Father, death is reaching Him. That is the most glorious moment in a Christian's history. And when he is yet a great way off the Father runs and falls on His child's neck, and kisses him, and welcomes him Home! That is death for the Christian; death, that we surround with so much gloom, that we so much dread. It is really *the Father!* Life is going to the Father, death is reaching Him.

Charles Kingsley's wife asked him if he thought it was cowardly because she trembled on the brink of the dark river, which all must cross alone; cowardly to shrink from leaving husband and children, the love that had made life blessed and full for so many years? "No," he said. "But remember, it is not darkness to which you are going; for God is Light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with you. It is not an unknown country, for the Father is there. It is His hand to which you go."

When one was drawing near to his end, not long ago, and they asked him what message he had to send to those across the sea, they were able to distinguish just these two words: "*Going Home.*" When Phillips Brooks felt that the last turn

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\*The last two words of this line *seem* to be written as here, though apparently out of place.

of his earthly road had been passed, he said to her who was ministering to him, "Mary, I am going Home."

"Ah, friends, if our lives are really a going to the Father; if we make each day a day of progress toward the Father, then at its close we can sing in literal truth,

"I'm nearer Home to-night than ever I've been before."

The road sometimes is heavy, high road or low road, but we shall soon be Home. We are soon to arrive at our Father's house; and what will our farewell to earth be but that which those who have gone on before gave to us as they vanished out of our sight—Good-bye, I go to my Father!

Ah, these are sweet truths for us to dwell on in this upper room, to-night, so full of the memories of those who are at home with God. But, alas! for those who care for none of these things, and seemingly never think about them. Oh, how our hearts ought to ache for those, that great multitude, who, if we should ask them to-night the question, Where are you going? Whither is your life tending? would never so much as think of answering, I go to my Father. Alas for them!

"I do not wonder at what men suffer," says Ruskin; "I wonder often at what they lose." Oh, those people who do not know what they are losing by not going to the Father; who have nothing to explain their lives, and who are coming to the end of their lives, with no conscious goal beyond; who can only say, if they say anything, "We are going, but we know not where. Death for us is a leap into the dark!" God pity them! They know not what they are losing in time and in Eternity!

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON BY

REV. DR. BAKER,

PRECEDING A TRIP ABROAD, APRIL, 1890.

*TEXT:—"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Philippians 4 : 19.*

*TOPIC:—"Our need supplied by God."*

Anticipating a separation from you, dear Christian friends, I have chosen these words as fully and exactly descriptive of my thought about you today. It were impossible for us to have been associated these years in the way we have been without there being more than ordinary friendship between us. It were impossible for any pastor to have received from this people the unvarying kindness I have received from you without having in his heart a sincere gratitude and sense of obligation and a peculiar solicitude for them. To say that I shall be anxious concerning your welfare in these coming months, when an ocean will be rolling between us, is to feebly express my thought about you.

I think I have learned by constant intercourse with you in sorrow and in joy, in the sanctuary and by the hearthstone, to know your needs better than at first I knew you. And how vast and varied are the needs of such a congregation as gathers here. Of all ages, of all professions and callings in life, of all tastes, of all experiences—some glad and some sad, some "abounding" and some "in want," some hopeful and some discouraged, some satisfied with the bright future seemingly awaiting them, some disappointed because their hope is buried in the past, no longer beckoning them on into the future. There is only ONE who knows the multiplied needs, varying according to the diverse lot and circumstances of such a company of souls as this; but he who has access to the homes and hearts of his people has a better acquaintance with them than is accorded to most. And I should not have been diligent and faithful among

you, I should not have made "full proof of my ministry" did I not have a fuller appreciation of your need as a congregation than a stranger can possibly have. And I know it is great. You have need of exhortation, of reproof, of instruction in righteousness; you have need of comfort, of encouragement, of cheer; in a word, you have need of everything. You are needy, not simply as creatures, but as sinful creatures redeemed, all of you, I trust, and set apart for glory. This sense of *your need*, always present with me, *deepens* as I think of leaving you for so long a time and not bringing to you the messages with which the Master entrusts me, and which I truly rejoice to announce to you in His name. But "my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Of this I am fully persuaded and quite confident. You will not lack anything needful for you. You will not be without the means of grace or the hope of glory. You will not be deprived of preaching of the Word, nor fail to be ministered to faithfully as you may require in the Master's name. And, above all, your need of CHRIST will be fully supplied. You will have Him if you desire Him, for He never leaves nor forsakes His people. And this leads me to dwell for a little time and with special emphasis upon a subject which has been much in my thought these days, and which I have just touched upon more than once. There is a growing tendency—which is dangerous and harmful—of putting the minister—I will not say in the place of the Great Head of the Church—but in the place of the church; of cultivating loyalty to him rather than to the church over which he presides. There are congregations so centred in their ministers that if he is removed from them by death or otherwise a process of disintegration begins immediately. They fall apart and away, and are soon scattered, because the magnet which held them is gone. Such churches can never be *really strong*. Their strength is rather in *man* than in God. There are other congregations in which there is

a marked, an intense loyalty to the *church*. They are attached to it. It is the place of their vows and the home of their souls. There they have had blessed visions of Christ and glorious revelations of His love. There, with cherished kindred and friends, they have taken sweet counsel. There, perhaps, they have found the Saviour and had their sins forgiven. "For their brethren and companions' sakes," not for the pastor's only, they say, "Peace be within thee." Their attachment is to the "communion of saints," to the *brotherhood of believers*. They know the meaning of that dear hymn:

"People of the living God,  
I have sought the world around.  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.  
Now to you my spirit turns—  
Turns, a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
Oh, receive me into rest."

Said a man who had spent years of Sabbaths within these walls, and whose memory will ever be a benediction to me, not long since, as the tears filled his eyes, "I love—God only knows how much—that old church." He knew what the Psalmist meant when he spoke of taking pleasure in the stones where-with Zion was built, and favoring the very dust thereof. And I could not but think when he said it, of what a strong, what a compact and glorious church that would be which should be composed of such *loyalists*.

Dear friends, ministers have *their day* and do *their work* and pass away to their rest and their reward (scan for proof yonder tablet in the vestibule), but *the church goes on*. It were better and wiser, therefore, that the heart should be fixed upon it; that it should be the centre around which our affections cluster. Jesus Christ has dwelt these many years, ever since the hour of its organization, in this church by His Holy Spirit. He is in it to-day, and because He is in it, *all your need* as the people of God connected with it will be supplied. He himself will *shep-*

*herd* you. He will feed you. He will lead you (even in these days of your earthly pilgrimage) in green pastures and beside still waters. By whomsoever He may send He will surely speak His messages of grace and truth to you, and if you will only *hear* Him when He thus speaks, you shall have no lack. This is not MY church. It is NO MAN'S church. It is a church of Jesus Christ. He himself is the Bishop of your souls, and He will "supply all your need," sending His supplies of grace by such messengers as it may please Him.

I have said that I have great *solicitude* for you in view of my absence, but I have *no anxious care*. I know that the Lord will provide for you, and have no doubt that it will turn to your advantage through my prayers and the supply of the Spirit of Christ. "My God shall supply **all your need** according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Souls will be saved, saints will be edified, in a word, "this flock of God will be fed." If I know in any measure your need, Christ the *Chief Shepherd* knows it infinitely better, and He communicates the riches of His grace by whomsoever He will, and the channel of communication matters not so long as they are bestowed. That man is sadly mistaken who feels that he is essential to any church of *Christ*; and any church which thinks any man is essential to its continuance and prosperity is miserably weak.

I have always had the conviction that however it may be with *some* churches, with this pre-eminently, the *bond of union* is not in the minister, but in the *brotherhood* of believers. That there is, therefore, a coherency and a consequent stability which otherwise were impossible. No one can tell how great is the trial, in the pastor's experience, of losing from time to time, by death and removal, the members of his church, to whom he is bound by the tenderest ties, who have been his tried and true friends, with whom he has taken sweet counsel, and in whom his heart has safely trusted. I can think of many such today. I can see their faces, and feel again the pressure of their hearty

grasp. They have gone, but their departure has not diminished my affection for the church, for I love the church for Christ's sake, and because it is *His*, HE loved it and gave Himself for it. He dwells in it, and go who may, and come who will, He is in the midst of it always. And, therefore, the departure of no man, however much loved and honored can take away my heart from it. So I know it to be with many of you and trust it is with you all, and I beseech you, therefore, to be more than ever true and faithful to it during my absence. All of you, I *hope*, many of you, I *know*, have received untold blessing from it. It has been your *spiritual mother*. On God's book it is written of you that you were born in this Zion. You have been led through the instrumentality of this church to the Saviour, and owe your blessed hope of life eternal to it. It is here that you have become possessed of the riches of God. Here, too, you have been comforted in sorrow, here you have been cheered in adversity, here in times of loneliness and weariness, you have received sympathy and strength. Dear friends, you *owe* this church far more than you can conceive. I care not what you have done for the church, the church has done *far* more for you. I entreat you not to forget the debt, not to ignore it, not to fail to repay it in so far as it is in your power. I need not tell you in *what ways* you can repay it. You know them full well. "Do not neglect the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some of us." Do not fail to honor any and every ambassador of Christ who may stand in this place, not for his own sake, but for the sake of Him who has sent him to you. Above all, "have fervent charity—love—among yourselves." "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs that ye stand *fast* in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel."\* "For God is my record how greatly I long after

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\*Philippians i : 27.

you in all the bowels of Jesus Christ. And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that you may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ.”\* “The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.” “My love be with you all in Jesus Christ. Amen.”

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\*Philippians i : 8, 10.



**First Presbyterian Church**  
(WASHINGTON SQUARE)  
**Philadelphia**

"I love you all, and I will abide with you, and we will together try to do the work which God has here given us to do."

REMARKS OF

**Rev. George D. Baker, D. D.**

ANNOUNCING HIS DECISION TO

REMAIN OUR PASTOR

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REPLIES FROM

THE ELDERS

THE SABBATH SCHOOL

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION

SABBATH, JUNE 18, 1893



At the conclusion of his sermon Dr. Baker said :

And now, before we bow our heads in prayer, I have something to say to you. You know that for two weeks past my mind has been sorely perplexed and my heart greatly agitated, over a question of duty. In all my ministerial life I have never had such a painful struggle over any matter which has come to me for determination as I have had over this; and it was not until this very morning that I was able to reach a clear and satisfactory decision. But this morning God has enabled me to reach such a decision and I hasten to communicate it to you. I have decided to decline the Secretaryship of the Board of Foreign Missions and the Secretaryship of the Board of Education and remain your Pastor.

Let me give you, as briefly as I may, the history of the experience through which I have passed. I had not so much difficulty in making up my mind with reference to the Secretaryship of the Board of Education. Not that I underestimate its importance, for I do not. But I have been for four years the President of the Board, and in that capacity have been able to render it some service. This service to the Board I can continue and still remain your Pastor, and whatever I can do for this Board as a member of it I shall still delight to do, and you, I know, will be glad to have me.

But my struggle has been over my duty with reference to the Board of Foreign Missions; let me tell you why. In my student days, while I was yet in the Theological Seminary, I had a dear friend who had devoted his life to the foreign field; often we talked and prayed together about it, and more than once I seriously considered the question of my own personal

duty with reference to going "far hence to the Gentiles." I concluded not to go, but I passed my solemn promise to my friend that all through my Ministry I would never fail to lift up my voice on behalf of Foreign Missions, as God gave me the opportunity, and do what I could to promote their interests. Do you wonder that when this call came to me I was led to seriously ask myself whether it was not God's call to me to redeem the vow and promise of my student days? I was in great distress over it—I was compelled to go into myself as perhaps I never did before, and find out by what motives, after all, I was being influenced in my ministry. For three or four days it seemed to me that I must go; that this was the voice of God to me to work in another field.

But little by little I was conscious that another influence was taking possession of me. Was it because of your prayers? God only knows. Other thoughts and convictions began to dominate me. It was borne in on me that if I had had any success in the Ministry, it had been as a Pastor; that if I went out of the pastorate I might be largely shorn of such strength as God has given me; that to awake on the Sabbath morning and find myself without a pulpit and without a people would be a dreariness to me which would largely unfit me for usefulness elsewhere. The pastorate has always been most sacred to me. I regard it as the very highest position in the Church; there is no promotion from it.

And still more was I wrought upon by my pastoral relation to **THIS** Church. The circumstances of our Church are peculiar—I need not go into detail with reference to them—you understand all. There is a great work, a hard work, but a most important work to be done here. You are nobly trying to do it; you are making sacrifices in order to do it. My friends, I will stay with you and help you to do it. I feel that I must, that it is my privilege and my duty. No people could have been more loyal to a Pastor than you have been to me. You have

been true to me in everything. Through these later years of my trouble and sorrow, you have been kind and considerate to me to a degree which I have most keenly appreciated. My heart is in your keeping, I love you all, and I will abide with you, and we will together try to do the work which God has here given us to do. I shall be surprised and disappointed if the outcome of it shall not be some signal blessing to this Church, the strengthening and enlarging of its work, so as to make it a greater blessing to this neighborhood and to this City.

I must not keep you longer. It has been indeed a severe struggle for me. If you knew what a pressure had been brought to bear upon me from all parts of the Church, you would have sympathized with me even more than I am sure you have. But the decision is made and I am at rest.

I shall still be your Pastor and you my People, so long as God wills, and may His Spirit come down on us now and baptize us for new and nobler service.

FROM THE ELDERS.  
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF PHILADELPHIA:  
(Washington Square.)

June 25th, 1893.

REV. GEO. D. BAKER, D. D.

Beloved Pastor:—The undersigned, comprising the entire Eldership of the Church, unanimously and most sincerely and heartily, with gratitude to God, thank you for your decision, to "stay with us, and still be our pastor so long as God wills."

We appreciate the urgency of the calls which have been made to you to fill important and responsible positions in the Secretaryships of the Boards of Education and Foreign Missions of the Church, and we feel confident that we voice the feeling of satisfaction which rejoiced the entire Congregation when it was announced that you would not leave us. We know that the matter in all its aspects received your most earnest, thoughtful and prayerful consideration, and was occasion of deep solicitude.

You need hardly be assured of the warm and sincere attachment and respect felt for you by all the people of your charge, which has steadily increased and strengthened from the very beginning of your pastorate over us. The blessing of God has attended your labors in the advancement of all the interests of the Church, in the peace and harmony which has prevailed, and the entire sympathy which has always manifested itself between Pastor and People.

We recall with especial and most heartfelt satisfaction the warm and kindly relations which have existed in Session; the firm, yet gentle control with which you have guided our deliber-

ations and counsels; the timely and judicious suggestions which you have made; the unity and harmony which has marked our transactions; the earnest and untiring interest you have manifested in all the branches of our Church work; and the singleness of purpose which has characterized your life among us, sincerely under Divine guidance to labor to the utmost of your powers for the true interests of the Church and for the greater glory of our common Lord and Master.

We pray that you may be long spared for future usefulness, and that in the Providence of God you may continue to go in and out before us in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of affection; and that laboring together with you we may have the privilege and honor of ever sustaining and upholding you in every effort for that which should be the highest purpose of our association in church relations.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit."

"The Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means."

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

SAMUEL C. PERKINS,

NORRIS W. HARKNESS,

GEORGE GRIFFITHS,

GEORGE T. HARRIS,

ABRAHAM R. PERKINS, JR.,

RICHARD B. BRINTON, JR.

The following was unanimously adopted by the teachers and scholars of the Sabbath School:

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1893.

In view of the recent events and decisions of our Pastor, Rev. Geo. D. Baker, D. D., to remain with us, notwithstanding the call to the Secretaryship of the Board of Foreign Missions, and again to that of the Board of Education, it seems fitting that we, the members of the Sunday School, should express to him our thankfulness and gratitude to God, who has made the way plain to a result so pleasing to us and, we doubt not, also to our Master. Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that the noble example of our Pastor of devotion to the work of Christ in this locality, while humbling to the estimate of our own efforts, inspires us with new zeal for the work committed to our hands.

RESOLVED, that we tender him a renewed allegiance of sympathy and support, promising to do whatsoever within us lies to forward the cause of righteousness in this Church under his leadership.



FROM THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1893.

DEAR PASTOR: Your young friends who compose the Young People's Association desire to join their voices in the notes of gladness which are going up from all in any way connected with our Church, that you are to remain with us as our Pastor.

Probably every organization connected with our Church regards you as closely identified with it, but we count ourselves as peculiarly near to you, for our Association is in an especial manner the child of your pastorate. It was called into being by you, and we have enjoyed from that day to this your constant presence, interest and counsel.

We cannot but think that the agitation which has recently been passed through by our whole Church will be productive of great good, and we hope and pray that we and all your people will be faithful to undertake, and efficient to carry out whatever of work comes before us.

We hope with you that our Church may be firmly rooted where we believe God has planted her, and may be bountifully fruitful in a renewed youth.

Yours affectionately,

T. HOUARD WRIGHT, President.

WILLIAM P. GILMORE, Secretary.

The following remarks are from Dr. Baker's last public utterances on the 17th day of November, in the Holy Trinity Parish House, at the meeting of the Women's Sabbath Association.

"1604 Spruce Street.

"Dear Mr. Griffiths: Dr. Tomkins has referred your note to me, as secretary of the Philadelphia Women's Association for the better observance of the Lord's day. You ask for any information in regard to Dr. Baker's address at our annual meeting on November 17th. Very fortunately, my daughter took some notes of the different addresses, and she has now been able to copy her notes of Dr. Baker's remarks. Of course they were notes rapidly taken, but you will gain something from them of his earnest utterances, which impressed us all, particularly his closing remarks. In the minutes read at our Board meeting, lately held, the following occurred: 'Dr. Baker's closing remarks were on Prayer, as the great means of blessing, from our Association.' As we listened to his earnest words how little any one could have told, except from his very earnestness, how soon for him 'faith was to be lost in sight.' On his way to his home, in the rain, he was seized with violent pain, and on the 17th of December, just one month from that day, he was called to 'join the innumerable company and Church of the First-born.' His was a life of devotion to God, and great usefulness to his fellowmen.

"With sincere sympathy for his Church, and his friends,  
I am

"Very truly yours,

(MRS. O. H.)

"JULIA S. ALLIS.

"Feb. 12, 1904."

## DR. BAKER'S REMARKS.

"It is a great pleasure for me, ladies, to be here to-day, and to give you my word of cheer in the great work in which you are engaged, without sensationalism. There is a great deal of work, of the rocket sort, that goes out, and another kind that saves the world. You are all sound to the core, and profoundly convinced that everything that is good is dependent on the preservation of the Sabbath. I am not so much affected myself by Sabbath breaking on the part of those who do not profess to be Sabbath keepers, as the breaking by those who profess to be Sabbath keepers. I am glad the Civic law is being enforced, because it is law. A revival of the enforcing of the statutes on our books, with reference to the Sabbath. But I want to say just here that I do not think those who are over us get their credit. Three or four years ago a movement was started to open the Academy of Music on Sunday nights for a sacred concert. 'Let's give the working people some good music on Sunday night and charge a moderate fee!' They got pretty well along, these women, when they were told that they would be violating the law. They said, 'Oh well, we will go on, and see what will happen.' 'Very well, then, the very first time you open it I will close it,' said the Director of Public Safety. No word of praise from the newspapers! I fear, far more, from those within the Church, who are breaking down the Sabbath than from those who do not belong to the Church. Some time ago a young girl was urged to play tennis on Sunday afternoon. She refused. 'Oh you are foolish, you're straight-laced; go to your minister; he will tell you it is all right.' 'No, he won't.' 'Go and see.' This man was in charge of one of the largest Philadelphia churches. She went. The minister said, 'If you go to Church Sunday morning, and make your contribution regularly, I don't see the slightest objection to your playing tennis, or anything else you please, on Sunday afternoon.' She

looked into his face with grief and disappointment. 'I'm sorry to hear you say so, but still I won't do it.' What are we to expect if the burden is thus lifted from conscience? The enemies of God's day are within the Church. If Christian people would stand together the Sabbath would be safe. Who read our Sunday papers? Christian people. One of our editors showed me his list of Sunday subscribers and I bowed my head in sorrow, and said 'Christ is being betrayed in the house of His friends!' I was taking tea with one of my parishioners residing in a suburb, and he was telling me the dreadful state of affairs there Sunday afternoon. Not the working people, but those who have bowed their heads in Church, and said: 'Lord, enable me to keep this commandment!' What can we do? We can pray. I think this Association should make prayer one of their cardinal objects. What we need is a revival. Here are Christian women, many of them in touch with society life. They need to be wise as serpents, they need to have wonderful tact, but quietly they can work a work that shall be felt.

"I have had experience with the poorer classes. They turn upon me and ask "Do you think it is any worse for me to give a little boy a stick of candy, and for him to give me a cent, than for those rich people to get out their livery and coachmen, and drive all the afternoon?" No law against this! We have lost terribly in this Sabbath battle in the last ten years. But let us not be discouraged; 'Mightier is He that is with us than they that are against us.'

"God, in His own way and time, will send a revival, which will lift up the Sabbath, with other Christian institutions. It is not by might, but by entering into our closets and getting the ear of the Omnipotent One."

LETTER FROM  
REV. CYRUS D. FOSS, D. D., LL. D.,  
BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Philadelphia, Pa., December 29, 1903.

Mr. George Griffiths,

421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Brother: When I returned a few days ago from three weeks' absence in Alabama I was greatly shocked to see the notice of Dr. Baker's funeral lying on my table. If I had been in the city I certainly would have had the mournful satisfaction of being present to show my respect for the memory of so good a man and so faithful and successful a Christian worker. You knew about his Church work far better than I, but I well understand how great a loss The Christian League has suffered as well as the general forces of righteousness in this city. Please hand this note to those who mourn most for him and believe me,

Yours very truly,

C. D. FOSS.

LETTER FROM  
REV. FRANCIS L. PATTON, D. D., LL. D.,  
PRESIDENT PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Princeton, N. J., February 24, 1904.

My Dear Mr. Griffiths: I return herewith the corrected proof of my address at the funeral of Dr. Baker. I feel as I read my own words how utterly inadequate they were and I wish that I had expressed more fully than I did my sense of the great loss which our Church has sustained by his death. I feel this regret more particularly with reference to our Theological Seminary, of whose Board of Directors he was the President. I am saying what all my colleagues in the Faculty, the Board of Directors and the Board of Trustees feel when I assure you of the very high place which Dr. Baker held in the esteem of all connected with the Seminary. We knew that he was devoted to the Seminary's interests, and we relied upon his calm judgment and wise counsel in the matter pertaining to the direction of the Seminary's affairs.

I hope that his admirable charge to me on the occasion of my induction into the Presidency of the Seminary will soon appear in connection with the publication of the other addresses delivered at that time. The fact that it was Dr. Baker's last public sermon in connection with the seminary gives it a very special interest.

I am, very faithfully,

FRANCIS L. PATTON.

MINUTE OF  
THE SESSION OF THE CHURCH.

"The Session of the First Presbyterian Church, in the city of Philadelphia, desire to express their profound grief at the sad news of the death on Thursday, December 17, 1903, of the revered Pastor, the REV. GEORGE D. BAKER, D. D. The Session recognize the gifts of mind and heart with which their late Pastor was so plentifully endowed by the good Spirit of Grace, and which were so assiduously and conscientiously used for the building up of the Kingdom of God among us. The Session would also put on record their loving appreciation of the valued services Dr. Baker rendered to this Church, as its preacher and pastor for nineteen years. The Session would also gratefully record not only the earnest care bestowed by the late Pastor on this Church, but the wider view he took of the Gospel of Christ and the broader sympathies he felt which led him to labor not only for the betterment of the immediate neighborhood in which this Church is located, but also for the whole work of God at home and abroad, and in all departments of Christian activity—for the cause of education; for the dissemination of the Word of God; for the increase of civic virtue, and, indeed, for every cause, civil or religious, that in this day of ours calls for the earnest co-operation of a Minister of the Gospel. The Session have also rejoiced in his catholic sympathies, embracing in their sweep the whole church of God throughout the world—ever striving for Christian unity, while strenuously upholding the doctrines and polity of his own beloved denomination.

In thus reviewing the work of Dr. Baker among us during nearly a score of years, the Session express their deep conviction that it could have been God alone who graciously sent him to us to become the faithful minister of this ancient and honored church. And He it was who made him "the burning and shining light" he became. We have, indeed, greatly rejoiced in the light God sent us, and now that in the inscrutable providence

of the same God who gave him to us, he has been taken from us and called to his rest and reward, we feel sadly bereft of our Spirit-filled leader, but can only bow in humble submission to God's will, and hear the Divine call that comes to us in so solemn a way to be more faithful than ever in our stewardship, and renew our vow of fealty to the Church of the living God, in which we are privileged to be workers.

In this dark hour we would express our faith in God still, and with united supplication crave the special presence and guidance of the Spirit of God in carrying on in the coming days the work that the great Head of the Church has committed to our hands.

The REV. GEORGE D. BAKER, D. D., was born in Watertown, N. Y., November 30, 1840. He was graduated in 1860 from the New York University, and in 1863 from Princeton Theological Seminary.

His first settled pastorate was in Watertown, N. Y., where he became the Pastor of the Stone Street Church. Next he became Pastor at Oneida, N. Y., from whence he was called to the First Presbyterian Church in Detroit, and it was from Detroit that he came to this his last pastoral charge. He was unanimously elected Pastor at a congregational meeting held November 6, 1884. He came to Philadelphia December 23, 1884, and was installed Pastor January 18, 1885.

While Pastor of this Church he has been called to take part also in the general work of the Presbyterian Church—being at the time of his death President of the Board of Directors of Princeton Theological Seminary; President of the Presbyterian Board of Education; President of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, and was one of the founders and President of The Christian League of Philadelphia, and also rendered valuable service in connection with the Presbyterian Home for Widows and Single Women. He was also connected with a number of other organizations.



Dr. Baker was, consequently, a very busy man—doing work outside of his parish, as far as time and strength allowed; but every one knew that his first and main work was that which was ever recognized by him as his specific work—the Church of which he was the honored Pastor.”

*“He now rests from his labor and his works do follow him.”*

NORRIS W. HARKNESS,      GEORGE GRIFFITHS,  
GEORGE T. HARRIS.      RICHARD B. BRINTON,

Session of

The First Presbyterian Church,  
Washington Square.

MINUTE OF  
THE BOARD OF DEACONS.

In view of the recent death of our beloved Pastor, the Rev. George D. Baker, D. D., the Board of Deacons of the First Presbyterian Church desire to place on record some fitting testimonial as to his worth and character, and also to express something of the esteem and affection which bound us to him individually and collectively.

As a Board, our relations with Dr. Baker were most intimate and harmonious. He was always intensely interested in our work, and frequently attended our meetings, aiding us by his kindly suggestions and guiding us by his practical knowledge of affairs.

His confidence in the Board was complete—a confidence which was reciprocated by the members to the very fullest; and in his death, our Board, in its work among the poor and the needy, has suffered a distinct loss in common with all the other organizations of our stricken church.

We had peculiar opportunities of seeing the kindly and sympathetic side of our late Pastor, and in our visits among the poor we had many evidences of his singularly sympathetic relations with the members of our church.

He had the enviable distinction of being beloved and respected by all—rich and poor alike; and the grief expressed by those to whom it is our privilege to minister, and in whose lives, in many instances, there is little to cheer, revealed a tenderness of personal affection most beautiful to witness, and hard to have interrupted.

As individuals, we have all experienced the impetus towards better things that comes from contact with one of God's noblemen, such as Dr. Baker was, and in his death we will miss sorely the inspiration that invariably came from a grasp of his hand and a glance into his eye.

We now have a blessed memory of one who walked with

us, and with whom we had familiar intercourse, who has gone to be with Him whose life he faithfully strove to emulate. We feel that his place can never be filled, but we rest in the confidence of God's personal interest in the work of our church and know that all is well.

PHILIP H. WHITE,  
JOHN M. IRWIN,  
FRANK M. BRASELMANN,  
GEORGE C. PRINCE,  
WILLIAM F. SCHOELL,

The Deacons of  
The First Presbyterian Church,  
Washington Square.

MINUTE OF  
THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

We, the members of the First Presbyterian Church Sabbath School, hereby place on record a tribute of love to the memory of our late Pastor, Rev. Dr. George D. Baker.

We recognize in his sudden removal from us, to his home and reward, the hand of our Heavenly Father, the great Head of the Church; and while our hearts are sore, yet our faith is not shaken in His perfect wisdom and boundless love, who seeing the end from the beginning, "doeth all things well."

As a preacher of righteousness, imitating the blessed Christ, Dr. Baker was earnest and practical, presenting the truth in its simplicity and power. He was a faithful Pastor, an unerring teacher, a father to many, a friend to all. As he learned of Christ, so we learned from him, and greater, perhaps, than the influence of his pulpit messages was the sermon of his daily influence as he constantly ministered to souls in need.

We know what a place our school held in his thought and interest, by his picture-lesson sermons at the close of each quarter; by his being always present at our teachers' meetings, and by his earnest words there, to these under shepherds of the flock of Christ.

From his own lips we know that he desired neither eulogy nor epitaph other than this, that it might be truthfully said of him: "He tried to do his duty as God showed it to him;" and we believe that never man tried harder or succeeded better than did he during the nineteen years that he went in and out among us.

We realize that we have lost not only a Pastor, teacher and guide in things spiritual; but also a true and loving friend. We shall miss him in the church, in the Sabbath School and in the home. We shall miss him as trusted friend and counsellor in

times of good will and cheer, and we shall miss him in times of sickness and bereavement—the dark and cloudy days.

His life work is done, the victory won; and he now stands within the gates “accepted in the Beloved.” Surely the most effective testimony we can offer to his life, work and character, is to pledge ourselves anew, in unreserved consecration to God, to carry on in our measure, through His blessing, the work which Dr. Baker has laid down.

HENRIETTA C. HOLST,

M. S. STOKES,

ANNIE E. MULLIKIN,

GEORGE E. SAVAGE,

RAPHAEL SAYFORD,

Committee.

GEORGE GRIFFITHS,

Superintendent.

MINUTE OF  
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION.

At the last regular monthly business meeting of the Young People's Association of the First Presbyterian Church, Washington Square, Philadelphia, the following minute was submitted.

We, the members of the Young People's Association, desire to record our profound grief at the passing away of our dear friend and pastor, Rev. Geo. D. Baker, D. D., on December 17, 1903.

We feel a peculiar sense of loss in view of the fact that Dr. Baker was the honored and beloved "Father" of our Association. For nineteen years he has been most intimately associated with us; taking, as it seemed to us, a special interest in this "child of his Pastorate;" always intensely interested in our spiritual welfare, and peculiarly tactful in his methods. It was as natural to go to him with our difficulties, as for a child to seek advice from a devoted parent.

He was a constant attendant upon our services. Seldom did a Friday night pass without his word of cheer, encouragement, inspiration or warning; given either in the meeting or afterward, with friendly clasp of hand, to the individual.

We would place upon record our most loving appreciation of his influence upon us for good. Long shall we remember his "word in season," his gracious benedictions at our weekly meetings, his "communion talks" and his happy and wholesome anniversary addresses. His memory is an inspiration, and we thank God for his life and work among us. In our daily round we shall live by many things he has taught us through the Spirit of God, Who dwelt in him so abundantly.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

MINUTE OF  
THE GEORGE D. BAKER MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Whereas*, We, the members of the *George D. Baker Missionary Society*, having been called upon to part with the earthly presence of our beloved Pastor, whose name we are so honored in bearing, be it

*Resolved*, That we here record our deep gratitude to our Heavenly Father for permitting us fellowship with one who has so broadened and enriched our lives by the faithfulness of his preaching and the consistency of his living. And further be it

*Resolved*, That this great sorrow instead of crushing us, shall stimulate us as a society to better work and larger sacrifice in the cause of missions—a cause so dear to the heart of him who has gone to his reward. No better monument can we raise to his blessed memory than the faithful performance of the special work given us to do in the name of his Master and ours—and may God help us! “He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more,” but in our hearts he is enthroned on Memory’s sacred shrine to go no more out forever.

“All the air of earth is sweeter  
For His being’s full release:  
And thine own life is completer  
For His conquest and His peace.”

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our dear Pastor, who is still our Pastor—for “being dead he yet speaketh”—and that they be spread upon the minutes of the society.

December 27th, 1903.

MINUTE OF  
THE WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

At a special meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church, held Wednesday, January 20th, 1904, the following minute was adopted and ordered to be placed upon the Records of the Society:

We wish, as a Society, to express our sense of the irreparable loss which we have sustained in the death of our beloved Pastor, Rev. George D. Baker, D. D.

Dr. Baker was an honored leader in the Church at large and his merits were recognized by his appointment to many important posts; but his chief care and interest was in our church, which he loved so well and served so faithfully as Pastor. He was much interested in its various activities and helped them on, as he alone could, by his co-operation and inspiration. He was always deeply interested in Foreign Missions, and brought the subject frequently before his people in a most instructive way. We especially feel as members of this Society, that we owe him a debt of gratitude for all he has done for it, for his constant interest in our work and for his presence, encouragement and counsel.

We mourn his departure from us with heartfelt sorrow, and a sincere appreciation of his high personal qualities as a man and a minister of God; but we know that he has entered into his rest and reward, leaving to us the precious memory of his fidelity in the work of his Master.

SARAH JONES McLEAN, Secretary.



MINUTE OF  
THE WILLIAM G. CROWELL MEMORIAL HOME  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Resolution to the memory of the Rev. George D. Baker, D. D., adopted by the William G. Crowell Memorial Home Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia, at its meeting, January 11th, 1904:

Our beloved Pastor and friend has gone from our midst to the promised land, the way to which he was ever zealously pointing out and we, the William G. Crowell Memorial Home Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, in this manner, desire to pay loving tribute to his memory, and to express our feeling of heartfelt sorrow and loss.

The Rev. George D. Baker, D. D., during his long pastorate over us, had, by his kindly manner, endeared himself to all of us, and he was the source of much inspiration and help in the work, which we are endeavoring to do and to each of us, the loss is personal and irreparable. Therefore it is now unanimously

*Resolved*, That this memorial be entered in full upon the minutes of this Society, and also that the secretary be directed to send a copy of the same to the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, to be entered by them on the permanent records of the church.

IDA IRWIN JEFFERIS, Secretary.

January 11, 1904.

MINUTE OF  
THE NEW CENTURY BAND.

At a special meeting of the New Century Band of the First Presbyterian Church, Washington Square, Philadelphia, held December 18th, 1903, a special committee was formed to draft the following minute, which was approved January 3d, 1904:

Our Heavenly Father, in His all-wise Providence has taken to Himself our dearly beloved Pastor and friend, Rev. George D. Baker, D. D. It is our desire as a Band to express our deep sense of the great personal loss sustained in his decease, and of our heartfelt sympathy with the bereaved family.

In the death of Dr. Baker the New Century Band has lost a wise counsellor and a valued, loving friend, whose gentle spirit, cheerful manner, kind, thoughtful, and generous heart endeared him to each one.

We sincerely mourn his loss, but glory in his immortality, knowing that while he is absent from us in the body, he is present with the Lord.

We recognize the hand of our Divine Master in this dispensation and bow in humble submission to His will, and pray that we may be prepared to enter with him into the Heavenly Home.

We thank our Father in Heaven for the results of his labors, honor his memory as the instrument in God's hands of accomplishing so much good, and would strive after his example to labor for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.

We convey to his relatives our heartfelt sympathy for them in this bereavement, and although bowed down with grief,

rejoice with them that their dear one is with his beloved Saviour, whom he served so faithfully.

JULIA D. PHILO,  
CLARA SCHOELL,  
MARY DAPP,  
JANE C. BANKS,  
JENNIE HENRY,

Committee.

MINUTE OF  
THE ALBERT BARNES MEMORIAL MISSION BAND.

We, the members of the Albert Barnes Memorial Mission Band of the First Presbyterian Church, Washington Square, Philadelphia, wish to express our love for our departed pastor and friend, Rev. Dr. George D. Baker.

We are the children, and youngest in years of all the Bands in our church, but we feel that we had as large a portion of Dr. Baker's love as any other organization in our church. We know he was interested in us, for he used often to visit us in our meetings and we were always happy to have him with us. As was his custom, he was with us at our first meeting last October, 1903, and his parting words to us then were: "Well I am very glad to see so many present today, and I do hope this Band will grow so large that you will have to move into a larger room."

We know we can never see our dear friend again in this world, but if we live as he taught us to we shall see him and be with him again in heaven.

THE ALBERT BARNES MEMORIAL MISSION BAND.

MINUTE OF  
THE JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

We, the Junior Christian Endeavor of the First Presbyterian Church, do hereby express our sorrow in the death of our departed pastor, Rev. Dr. George D. Baker. Dr. Baker was in the truest sense a friend to the children and was ever ready to lend a helping hand toward any movement in which children could be trained morally. In his death we have lost one of our dearest and best friends. And we truly mourn this great loss.

JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

MINUTE OF  
THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

PHILADELPHIA, January 11th, 1904.

A stated meeting of the Board of Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church in the city of Philadelphia was held to-day at 4 o'clock P. M. in the church.

Present, Messrs. R. B. Brinton, A. R. Perkins, William McLean, Benjamin McK. Faires, Percival E. Loder, John S. Martin, George E. Webb and President George Griffiths.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Benjamin McK. Faires.

Mr. A. R. Perkins read to the Board the following minute in regard to the death of Rev. George D. Baker, D. D., the late Pastor of the church:

"The Board of Trustees of The First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, desire to record this minute with gratitude to the 'Great Head of the Church' for the many blessings that He has bestowed upon this church through the gift of Rev. Dr. George D. Baker, who departed this life on December 17th, 1903.

"Coming to the church nearly nineteen years ago in the full vigor of life, he at once recognized the changing conditions incident to the location of the church, and yet firmly believing that the Church should remain where it was and meet the conditions as they should arise, he inspired all with his earnest spirit and determination to make the work here the very best for God and humanity.

"They desire to bear testimony to his unfailing courtesy and consideration in all his dealings with the officers and members of the church. His preaching was Scriptural and always with the aim to win men to Christ and then to 'build them up in the most holy faith.' His pastoral work was most faithful and his ministrations to those in sorrow and need were abund-

ant; in season and out of season, he was always ready with a warm loving heart. His work for the city was earnest and wise and for the church at large, in the many important positions he was called upon to fill, as in everything else, faithful and valuable. We have been greatly afflicted, but 'God takes the workers though the work goes on,' and we bow in submission to His will 'who doeth all things well.' "

On motion of Mr. A. R. Perkins, seconded by Mr. George E. Webb, above minute was adopted by a rising vote, and the Secretary was instructed to send a copy thereof to Dr. Baker's family.

GEORGE GRIFFITHS, President.

GEORGE E. WEBB, Secretary.

MINUTE OF  
THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE PRESBYTER-  
IAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

The Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. desire to record the great loss which they have sustained in the death of their late President, the Rev. George Danielson Baker, D. D., and to express the deep and affectionate regard which they felt toward him in his life, and now cherish for his memory.

Born in Watertown, N. Y., November 30th, 1840, he graduated from New York University in 1860, and from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1863. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister June 29th, 1864, and served four churches as pastor; one at Watertown, N. Y.; one at Oneida, N. Y.; then for thirteen years the First Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Mich.; and last for nineteen years until his death, December 17th, 1903, the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. During his long and most successful pastorate in Philadelphia, Dr. Baker occupied very important and responsible positions in the community and in the Church at large. He was President of the Pennsylvania Bible Society; President of The Christian League of Philadelphia; President of the Board of Directors of Princeton Theological Seminary, and President of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

He had been a member of our Board since March 8th, 1886, and was elected President June 17th, 1889. His interest in the work of education was very deep and earnest, his service most valuable and faithful. He brought to the Board the courtesy of a Christian gentleman, the experience of a wise counsellor, and the enthusiasm of a consecrated servant of Christ.



Personally we shall miss his delightful companionship; as members of the Board we shall miss his clear judgment, his encouraging optimism, his never failing helpfulness. We know that a great and good man has fallen, and that the world is poorer because of his departure. But we know also that the world is better because of his life, and we are sure that for him to depart was to be with Christ.

EDWARD B. HODGE,  
Corresponding Secretary

Philadelphia, January 14th, 1904.

MINUTE OF  
THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of "The Christian League of Philadelphia," held on Thursday, January 7th, 1904, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

*Whereas*, It hath pleased our Heavenly Father, who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of man, to call off from faithful labor to eternal reward the soul of our esteemed friend and brother, the Rev. George D. Baker, D. D., late President of The Christian League, and

*Whereas*, It is fitting that we should place on record a suitable tribute of respect for his memory; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of Dr. Baker this League has lost an able leader and a valuable helper in the cause of civic righteousness, who for nine years has stood at the head of this organization, keeping in close touch with the work of the League, in the enforcement of law and the spread of the gospel among the Chinese and the unchurched in our midst.

When the first efforts of this association were put forth for the betterment of moral and sanitary conditions in certain localities of this city, which had been hopelessly given over to vicious and immoral influences, Dr. Baker joined with his associates in personal investigation into the actual state of affairs, at a time when only practical, aggressive and united effort could avail—based upon an intelligent comprehension of the evils as they were; and so with courage, tact and the exercise of wise judgment he became identified with a quiet, persistent crusade against lawlessness, the results of which have exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine in the transformation of places and conditions, and in the permanence and growing usefulness of The Christian League.

At the meetings of this Board of Directors, Dr. Baker pre-

sided with dignity and courtesy, always prompt in expediting business, for in his busy and consecrated life he well knew the value of time.

*Resolved*, That we hereby voice our appreciation of his character and devoted services as a pastor of his people in his several fields of labor,—more especially as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, where for nineteen years he labored with wonderful success, adapting himself to the needs of a neighborhood which had passed through many changes, and which brought to his side the student, the transient hearer, and the stranger within the gate. Many young men and women have been steadied and saved from wandering by his cheerful words of wisdom and advice, and they “rise up and call him blessed.”

“His works do follow him.”

“Truly a prince and great man has fallen this day in Israel.”

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered in full upon the minutes, and that a copy be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

By order of the Board.

CHARLES H. BOND,

General Secretary.

GEORGE GRIFFITHS,

Chairman Executive Committee.

MINUTE OF  
THE PENNSYLVANIA BIBLE SOCIETY.

At a special meeting of the officers and managers of the Pennsylvania Bible Society held Monday, December 21st, 1903, the following resolution on the lamented death of their beloved President, the Rev. George D. Baker, D. D., was unanimously passed, and ordered to be entered on the minutes:

In the death of this highly-esteemed minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of his Church, the Pennsylvania Bible Society is notably bereaved. Dr. Baker became a manager of the Society in 1890, and Corresponding Secretary in 1893. On the death of the Rev. Dr. Baum he was elected President in 1892, and remained such until his sad and unexpected decease.

Courteous in manner, prompt in dispatch of business, faithful in attendance at the meetings of the Society, he was ever interested both in the contributions of the churches and in the spiritual results.

The work of our Society in distributing the Scriptures in forty languages among the million polyglottish people in Pennsylvania, won from Dr. Baker the attention of the scholar and the passion of the evangelist. He took marked delight in the reports of our foreign colporteurs among their fellowcountrymen, and proved to be a sagacious counsellor, regarding our foreign missionary work on home missionary soil. He went further in aiding all kindred work among the multiplied millions in the pagan world.

Dr. Baker not only thought the Bible to be the greatest book in the world—he held that it was the only book from God. Like the Rev. Albert Barnes, his honored predecessor in the church, he loved and in presidency of our Society, he believed in the inspiration of all, in the profitableness of all and in its adaptation to all races and classes and conditions of men.

As Peter the Hermit took for his motto, *Deus vult*—God wills it—in his crusade against the Saracens, Dr. Baker took it

in his crusade against sin and vice and crime in our city. Once again it came, not now to inspire courage that endures. His last words were akin to his Master's: "This is the end. It is God's will. That is always best."

We lay this tribute of affection and regard with the sense of profound loss, upon his tomb. We do it "In His name" who hath taught us to say: "Thy will be done."

It was also *Resolved*, That copies of the above resolution be sent to the brothers of the Rev. Dr. Baker, with expressions of our sympathy.

GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Secretary.

MINUTE OF  
THE SESSION OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH OF ONEIDA, N. Y.

At a meeting of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Oneida, N. Y., held Sunday evening, December 20th, 1903, the following resolution was adopted, viz:

*Whereas*, The sad news has reached us of the death of Rev. George D. Baker, D. D., of Philadelphia, Pa.; therefore, we, the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Oneida, N. Y., are moved by a long cherished love for him, to send to you an expression of our sympathy, and also our testimony, as to his great worth as a Christian minister. Dr. Baker was our pastor for nearly four years, and during that time our church was abundantly blessed, not only by a large increase in its membership, but in the attainment of a higher spiritual condition. He was talented and earnest as a preacher, faithful and patient as a pastor, loving and tender hearted as a friend.

*Resolved*, That we extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction.

*Resolved*, That we say to our sister Church thus deprived of its pastor: "We have a common sorrow, we together mourn the loss of one, who labored in our behalf as a true servant of Christ, faithful in all things unto the end."

GEORGE B. SWINNERTON, Pastor  
First Presbyterian Church of Oneida, N. Y.

SAMUEL JESSUP, Pastor Emeritus.

Attest: J. E. BREWER, Clerk of Session.

## "IN MEMORIAM."

"THEY SERVE HIM DAY AND NIGHT."

"Oh, blessed life of service and of love!  
Heart wide as life, deep as life's deepest woe;  
His servants serve Him day and night above,  
Thou servedst day and night, we thought, below

Hands full of blessings lavished far and wide,  
Hands tender to bind up hearts wounded sore;  
Stooping quite down earth's lowest needs beside—  
Master, like Thee! we thought, and said no more.

Looking from thee to Him once wounded sore,  
We learned a little more His face to see;  
Then looking from the cross for us He bore,  
To Thine, we almost understood for thee!

Till now, again! we gaze on thee above,  
Strong and unwearied, serving day and night;  
Oh, blessed life of service and of love!  
Master, like Thee, and with Thee, in Thy light."















